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Spectator



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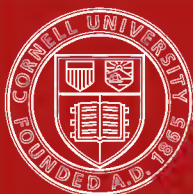
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SEEN BY THE
SPECTATOR

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I

SEEING A CITY

THE SPECTATOR

I

SEEING A CITY

THE Spectator, in the spring, made an experiment. He paid a visit to Boston in the same way that one visits some foreign city—that is, he ignored his Boston acquaintance, took a room at a hotel for a week, and made a business of leisurely sightseeing. Do Americans often visit their own distinguished cities in this way? The Spectator is not sure. His impression is that they do not,—Washington, the great “show town,” being a conspicuous exception,—for his friends, each in

turn, commented on his experiment with "What an interesting thing to do," as if it were something quite out of the ordinary. Americans, of course, take many "trips" in their own country, and, if possessed of means and leisure, are given to changing their residences with the season. Indeed, this last once led Mr. Charles Dudley Warner to sound a note of alarm in *The Outlook* on the growth of "the migratory habit;" while an acute English observer, the late G. W. Steevens, put it with what may be called American exaggeration when he said: "I believe many Americans regard that day as wasted in which they do not see the inside of a railway train." In the course of "trips" or "migrations" Americans "stop over" at cities on

the route. They see a few of the principal buildings and points of interest, drive about and get a general idea of the peculiarities of the streets, and, having let friends know of their presence, meet certain people at dinner, the friends of their friends. All this is pleasant and informing, but it is quite different from the way in which the Spectator drifted about Boston, Baedeker in hand, encountering the average Bostonian in the undisguised rôle of sightseer (proclaimed, indeed, by the questions he asked), and thus receiving a distinct, if not defined, impression of the people, no less than of the town. Boston now has to him substance as well as name, certain differentiating qualities that fit in with and supplement its fame—a result of the ex-

periment that to the Spectator was quite worth while.

Whatever the hotel one may choose in Boston one cannot go far wrong. That, at least, is the conclusion the Spectator reached after comparing notes with his friends, for each declared that his or her particular hotel was "most delightful." The Spectator's hotel had a library, a beautiful room with perhaps a thousand well-selected standard works and recent books within immediate reach, not like a ship's library, kept under lock and key and accessible only after one has run the gantlet of the steward. What would Dr. Johnson have found to say of such an inn? Why is it, the Spectator wonders, that hotels in other cities, while seeking everywhere for the most modern attrac-

tions, have so generally failed to hit upon the device of a library? It is, of course, in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that the innovation of a hotel library should be first thought of in Boston, but hardly a credit to hotel civilization in America that it should stop there.

The Spectator was interested to observe the distinctly civilizing influence of that library, even with the tolerance of cigars, deprecated, as no doubt it is, by many patrons of the hotel. The smokers, usually the most selfishly self-indulgent of mortals, seemed of their own accord to choose corners where their smoke would be least offensive. Every one respected the proprieties of the library. There was much chatting by small groups, but no loud talking.

Staring, as one notes it so disagreeably in the lobbies and lounging-rooms of large hotels, was conspicuous by its absence. Whatever one was doing was done with strict regard to the rights of those who sought the library to read or to write. A spirit of sociability or companionship dwelt there, but subdued, as it should be, under the restraint of literature, unguarded save by a noiseless maid who slipped in and out without apparent purpose or authority. The mere presence of so many books seemed of itself a sufficing influence, a silent lesson in good breeding.

It is a commonplace of observation that Boston constantly reminds one of London. This resemblance, by the Spectator's experience, extends far beyond a certain quaintness of

the streets, and includes one English trait, that of courtesy to strangers. The English are popularly supposed to be discourteous, but this stand-offishness, the Spectator is sure, from his own experience and that of his friends, is reserved by Englishmen for other Englishmen. For an Englishman, so a cynical, much-traveled friend explains, "never compromises himself by cordial recognition of Americans, though strangers, for they have no social status in England." Be this as it may, the case of the American whom a noble lord discovered standing around in the entrance hall of Parliament, not knowing how to get in, and whom that noble lord "personally conducted" through both Houses, is by no means an exceptional instance of English

courtesy. The Bostonian seems to feel a like sense of responsibility for the stranger within the gates. His business, apparently, is never so pressing that he cannot stop to give information or a direction—in what other American city is a direction so imperatively necessary?—or even to walk a block out of his way to be sure the stranger is started right. The same courtesy characterizes all public employes, from the trolley-car conductor to the hotel bell-boy who, instead of thrusting the directory at the inquirer in a fashion only too exasperatingly familiar (unless there are signs of a forthcoming fee), asks pleasantly, "Can't I look it up for you?" and adds exact information as to the color of the car that must be taken to go there. All this, the

outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual state, tells of the human quality of Boston citizenship, and prepares one for a characteristic manifestation. On a Sunday morning, as a visitor comes down after breakfast, he notes a young man sitting in the hotel lobby, distinguished from others by a small placard, "Bureau of Church Information." The young man is a member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, who gives information about the services at the various churches and directions as to the way to reach them.

Of course the Spectator, in his various journeyings by trolley, was interestedly on the watch for one of those typical Boston conductors who, according to tradition, read Browning and quote Emerson. He has no

discoveries to report, the nearest being a conductor of whom he asked a question about the Museum of Fine Arts on Copley Square. The conductor answered politely, but added half-rebukingly of the Spectator's possible slip in pronunciation: "But don't you say Muséum, not Musée, sir?" This seemed to the Spectator to show a nice sense of discrimination in one whose employment hardly gave time for its cultivation. It led him to hope for equally tangible evidence that "people are different" in Boston. So he tried a little experiment. Standing on the grand staircase of the Public Library, near the noble lions which guard the turn after the first ascent, the Spectator inquired of passers-by whose work the lions were. The

first person accosted, being a Frenchman, who explained with much polite gesticulation that he did not speak English, was hardly a fair subject. The second said simply that "he did not know," and the third that he "had heard the name," but did "not recall it just then." After another failure, the fifth replied, "St. Gaudens," adding, what the Spectator had failed to note, that the sculptor was not Augustus St. Gaudens, but his brother Louis. No one, the Spectator is sure, can pass those lions unimpressed. They must appeal even to a child. Yet with the impression there is evidently in the case of many people no prompting of curiosity to learn the name of the artist—something which may or may not be significant, according to one's

mood or point of view. A very clever argument might be made, at any rate, for the enjoyment of a work of art undisturbed by the question so tiresomely reiterated in galleries: "Whose picture did you say this was?"

While in the Boston Public Library, the Spectator confesses himself enough of a Philistine to enjoy a comment he overheard on the famous mural decorations of the staircase corridor by Puvis de Chavannes. As will be remembered, the paintings have been criticized because of the prominence they give to the nude, which, so the comment ran, is morally innocuous, seen as it is through an "antiseptic haze." The point is, as those can hardly appreciate who have not seen the work,

that the "antiseptic" treatment has given the flesh-tints an ashen tone, which suggests anything but what is fleshly. In this connection he cannot forbear quoting another Philistine comment, that of Mr. Steevens, on the much-admired mural decoration by Sargent, treating "the triumph of religion." As the guide-book truthfully says, the theme is "so various, so significant, and so vast in its scope that it is difficult to find an adequate label." Mr. Steevens evidently encountered this difficulty, for he calls the theme "an appallingly complex allegory," adding: "When the good Bostonian dies it will be granted her to sit for ever and ever before this work with a diagram and a numbered key."

Of course no visit to Boston is

complete without a visit to Concord. It was the Spectator's good luck to have for his driver a representative Concord citizen who had known all the celebrities—he had often driven Franklin Pierce to Hawthorne's home and waited for the ex-President during his prolonged calls—a citizen who had his own views about celebrities, as became a man of independence. The citizen quite sympathized with Hawthorne's choice of a perch for a study, a cupola in which the novelist made himself inaccessible by drawing up the ladder after him, shutting the trap-door, and rolling his desk over it to hold it down. With Thoreau, however, the citizen had no sympathy at all. Thoreau was a good surveyor, he said, as he pointed out a bit of land

the hermit had plotted, adding with some contempt: "But as soon as he found he was making money he stopped, as he always did." Standing by the heap of stones which marks the site of the hut at Walden Pond, he commented: "Well, Thoreau raised beans, and when he got hungry he cut across lots to his mother's and filled up on her doughnuts, and then bragged how cheap he lived." Of Emerson the citizen made an exception, having no flip-pant comment to pass, and entertaining the profoundest respect, not only for his uncommon, but as well for his common sense, which enabled him always to have at hand the means to help the less fortunate celebrities, "for they all 'came down' on him, sir." And this reminds the

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Spectator of the story Whipple tells: "The train, as usual, stopped at Concord. Then one of two silent Yankees in the seat ahead turned to the other and lazily remarked: 'Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town.' 'Ya-as,' was the drawling rejoinder, 'and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he is a man of consider-a-ble propity.' "

II

AT THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS

II

AT THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS

THE Spectator has been spending a little time lately at one of the Virginia Springs. To name the particular one is unnecessary, for there are any number of them in the Virginia mountains, and all more or less alike. There are the Red, White, Blue, Salt, and Cold Sulphur Springs, the Hot and Warm Springs, the Old Sweet, the Healing, the Rockbridge Alum Springs, the—but why pursue the flowing theme further, since there is no end to it? No practiced sojourner among the Springs ever calls them by their full names, as the Spectator soon found. "Have you been

at the Healing this season?" "I've just come from the Old Sweet;" "They're at the White this year," and so on, were familiar remarks among the guests at the rambling Southern hotel, with its pillared porch and its rows of cottages scattered about the springs which had made it a popular resort for over a hundred years. Washington and Jefferson had been among its guests, and the ancient register, still preserved in the office, enshrined their board bills to everlasting remembrance. None of the colored waiters was quite venerable enough to have been Washington's body-servant, but they were types nevertheless—trained and old-fashioned domestics, with all the deference, the willing interest, the quick good man-

AT THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS

ners of the old negro family servants, used to waiting on "quality" and proud of their own deftness and skill in doing so. Where the proprietor found such delightful survivals the Spectator cannot imagine; they certainly were one of the attractions of the house.

Another attraction appeared to be the mint juleps. The waiters began sallying forth before breakfast, across the grass to the various cottages, bearing trays of tall glasses, flowering out at the top into such green and spreading bouquets of mint that they reminded one of Birnam Wood going to Dunsinane. There were more juleps at high noon, and still again after supper. Virginia was not settled by the Puritan, but by the Cavalier, and her

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ways are not the ways of New England. One famous New York lawyer (now dead), a Southerner by birth, came every year to the Virginia Springs simply for the mint juleps—so he once told a friend of the Spectator—and he certainly came to the fountain-head. The other side of the question is shown by the fact that after a season of mint juleps at one spring, it is frequently necessary to go to another spring later for a thorough course of the waters. It is a trifle difficult, however, to get away from the mint julep even in seeking the waters; for the Spectator can vouch for the fact that a table is sometimes floated in the middle of the bathing-pool, with a supply of mint juleps on it ready to hand for the bathers.

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One of the quaintest features of the place, to the Spectator's mind, was the county court. The court-house, jail, and post-office all lay together on a green slope just opposite the gate of the hotel grounds, and once a month the judge came to hold court there. At such times all the white men in the county, apparently, came riding in on rough mountain horses or slender thoroughbreds, and hitched their steeds to the fences. The negroes came on mules or on foot. A man and boy, bareback, on one mule, was not an uncommon sight. The only two lawyers in the place had one-story wooden offices on either side the court-house green, and were there ready to take whatever cases came to hand. The sheriff sold a mountain farm, before court

commenced, for a surprisingly low sum, it seemed to the Spectator; but it was explained that "mountains are cheap—it's the cleared land that counts." Witnesses, lawyers, plaintiffs, defendants, sheriff, and lookers-on all lounged together on the green hour after hour, court opening anywhere from half an hour to an hour after the appointed time, and everything else partaking of the leisurely character of the occasion. The ladies from the hotel came over and brought their fancy-work, occupying one end of the judge's platform, and being treated with expansive Southern courtesy. Even the prisoner—there was only one in the old brick jail, with its massive wrought-iron doors with their triple padlocks—seemed to enjoy things, and sat out-

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side the jail on the grass while the jailer's family utilized his cell for domestic purposes.

The Spectator attended one trial, which indeed was attended by many other guests from the hotel, since it came home to their own business and bosoms, so to speak. One of the neighbors had owned a pair of "break-fence" oxen, and, the fence of the hotel not being in better condition than most Southern fences, these oxen had, so it was charged, broken in one night and eaten all the "roastin' ears" in the corn-field, whereby the hotel table had to be supplied with canned corn in place of the fresh variety. The proprietor asked for \$35 and costs, and had the full sympathy of every guest who ate corn. The defendant, a dirty, un-

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kempt, sparse-bearded, tangle-haired man, who wore blue goggles and looked like a descendant of the lost tribes, strove to prove first, that the fence was not "breshed up" properly; second, that the oxen never were in the corn; and, third, that they only ate two dollars' worth of it in all. There was no jury, the lawyers agreeing to leave the decision entirely to the judge.

The character of the yoke of "breachy" oxen (they were dark-dun color to begin with) deepened to black as the plaintiff's witnesses testified. The stories told of those two agile creatures were astounding, and justified their owner's boast (incautiously made to a neighbor once, and coming out in the testimony) "that them oxen could break any fence in

the county." One young man, rejoicing in the name of Gay, swore that he had seen them jump the hotel fence "as slick as a dog." The intimacy between witnesses and lawyers was great. "Now, Gay," the plaintiff's lawyer would remark, "you know that farm of mine, where the fence jines Henry's—now, isn't the corn-field fence like that?" Strange facts developed concerning the keeping of cattle in that section—how it was the common practice for all men to turn their stock loose on the "boulevah," as the highroad was soundingly called, and how some hotel proprietors had to keep cattle guards as a regular thing to protect their fields. It was proved that the owner of the oxen had fifteen head of stock, and, having sold his farm some time

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before, was keeping them entirely upon the "boulevah." But the main contention was, in the end, how many "roastin' ears" an ox could eat in one night; and the earnestly expressed views of the witnesses all differed greatly. Three-quarters of an acre of corn which was "jus' tasselin'" had been destroyed, the plaintiff claimed. One witness, who had kept cattle long, asserted that two dollars' worth of corn (at ten cents a dozen) would "bust any ox he ever knew," while a county official said that he had possessed an ox that ate five acres of corn at a sitting, and was still vigorous. The testimony was so conflicting, indeed, that at one point one of the ladies on the platform forgot herself and exclaimed aloud, whereat the whole court smiled, and

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the sheriff laughed and forgot to rap for order.

All the white witnesses in the case were sworn first by the sheriff, the Spectator noticed. "Come and be sworn, gentlemen," was the formula, shouted from the steps of the courthouse to the crowd on the green after the list of the witnesses' names had been duly called out. Some of the witnesses, lounging about the post-office, refused to come in, and the judge had to issue a warrant for one especially contumacious one; but they were all corralled at last, and formed a ring about the ancient Bible. The oath was singsonged by the sheriff, and one after another kissed the book and stepped back and down. Then, after an interval, the negro witnesses were sworn, but

with less ceremony. One old colored man was especially hesitating in his testimony. To the question when he had seen the oxen going up the "boulevah," he replied, "Well, hit mout hev been a Monday, and then hit mout hev been a Tuesday, sah, 'long 'bout five o'clock in de ebenin', er p'r'aps six o'clock, sah, er later." Pressed further, he testified that they might have been near the corn-patch, or half a mile away; and finally he shook his kinky gray head doubtfully and remarked, "Ef I'd 'a' knowed all dis wuz a-comin', sah, I would er took more notice; yes, sah, I shuahly would," at which the old negro preacher who was standing at one side of the courtroom, with shiny frock-coat, baggy umbrella, watch-chain and spectacles,

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gravely shook his head also in sympathy with his bewildered parishioner.

In the end the hotel proprietor got eighteen dollars and costs, and court adjourned for the day, after a road commissioner had been sworn in, part of whose oath was not to fight duels in or out of the State. The reason for this seemed clearer later, when the whole county went over to the hotel for mint juleps, and the combative element proved so strong that there was one hand-to-hand fight before the evening was over—at least so the Spectator heard. County court brings these evils in its train, he was told, and when the session lasts over a week the drinking and quarreling of the mountaineers is a most unpleasant feature. The julep

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is not all a joy, even in the land of the Cavalier.

Before the Spectator left the Springs he attended a costume dance—a thing for which this special resort is famed. The affair was classic, and the Roman robes—one of the Latin matrons wore a most superb black and gold one—the temple of the Vestal Virgins, the wreathed columns and the laurel crowns, etc., were very fine indeed. The waiters, dressed as Nubian slaves, came and went with trays of refreshments on their heads, and one of them gave the Spectator afterwards the benefit of his observations. “It suttinly was fine, sah. Dat ar lady in de black and gol’ wuz de *fo’-mos’* one, and nex’ to her come de Vestibule Virgins!” This was the same waiter who, receiving

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an order for beefsteak, brought a tempting slice of ham also, and, putting the dish down on the table, remarked suavely: "I jes' bring dis ham, sah, *in parenthesis?*" Truly the man who has not visited the Virginia Springs has missed being served by a Virginia Springs waiter, and his memories will be the poorer for it all his life long.

III

IN THE VIRGINIA
HILLS

III

IN THE VIRGINIA HILLS

THE five white tents in the camp stretched along a ridge besides the Nicholas County road. At the foot of the ridge the Gauley River rushed down over the rocks or swirled about in fishing pools. Just across the road from the camp, and again on the other side of the river, as far up and down the valley as one could see, the hills rose wild and beautiful, green-wooded to their tops except where great ledges of bare rock thrust the trees aside. In any other place these ridges on the earth's surface would have been called mountains. Here in West Virginia, where there are so many loftier

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summits, they are only hills. Sometimes the members of the Spectator's party wondered whose land they were camping on, but it was near a good spring and evidently public camping ground, for there were embers of numberless camp-fires.

One evening, as the Spectator was picking his way up the rocky bed of a tiny creek which flowed into the Gauley near the camp, a man riding a good gray horse overtook him.

"Howdy?" the man said.

"Howdy?" said the Spectator, and added, "Who owns all this land around here?"

"It all's just been sold," the horse-man answered; "nineteen thousand acres in one lump. It all belonged to some heirs, an' they sold it. I forget the name of the man what bought it."

IN THE VIRGINIA HILLS

A minute later he added, as an afterthought, "It's the same man as bought the K. & M. railroad last spring."

Thus it was that the Spectator learned that he was a squatter, for the time being, on the property of J. Pierpont Morgan.

All this country is rich in soft coal, and great tracts like this one are being bought up by the coal companies to be held against future needs. There were four houses in the valley of this creek, strung at intervals of half a mile along the stream. The only highway by which the people living there had access to the county road was the bed of the creek itself, often for rods in succession a mass of water-worn cobblestones or solid bed-rock over which the water slipped in

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clear thin sheets. The horseman lived in the last of the houses. The Spectator asked him what rent people living as he and his neighbors lived paid.

"Ten dollars a year, the most of them, and they can cultivate as much land or as little as they choose. There's a heap more of it than will ever be used. I pay only a dollar a year myself, because I've been a sort of agent to look out for the land."

This man said that, so far as he knew, there were not more than twelve or fifteen families living on the nineteen thousand acres. A county official told the Spectator later that, as a matter of fact, not many of these people paid any rent except the taxes on such portion of the land as they occupied, and specified a man living

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near the camp from whom the year before he had collected \$2.47 taxes, and who had paid nothing more. This man had not even been to the expense of providing a house, having moved into one which he found deserted by some former occupant. The Spectator asked the horseman if the tract of land of which they had been speaking would not accommodate many more tenants.

"It certainly would; a heap more."

"Would the people living here now object to other people moving in?"

"No, *sir*. They'd like to have 'em come."

That night around the camp-fire the talk was of the neighboring families and the nineteen thousand acres of land, and of the thousands of people crowded into cities who might find

homes here for the taking. The leader of the party said that the buying up of land in such great tracts was a misfortune, and unfavorable to the development of the country—that only “no account” squatters would settle on land under these conditions, and that they would not improve it because they would not be sure of possession. There were others in the party who argued that the man who embarks in almost any business must run some risk, and that the risk involved here was reasonable when the small investment necessary was considered, and the advantage of having one’s home in this country. This climate makes a simple home comfortable. The majority of the houses outside the villages are built of rough boards with “battened” joints, or else

of hewn logs. The house to which the Spectator was going with a tin pail for milk when the horseman overtook him was a log house, built of great poplar sticks two feet wide and eight inches thick, hand-hewn, and gray with age. The three rooms, rather scant of windows and rough as to finish, looked comfortable, but the family seemed to live mostly on a rude veranda which stretched along the whole front of the house, where strings of "leather-breeches" beans hung to dry. The view from the veranda was across an Alp-like yard where marigolds and zinnias flamed royally, and thence across the creek right into the side of a hill. In no direction, except up into the sky, could the occupants of the house look for more than fifty rods without hav-

ing their view cut off by a mountain. The "farm" was back of the house, and most of it was set up edgeways, but the soil bore good crops, and the people were counted well-to-do and comfortable, albeit they went barefoot most of the time and kept three dogs. This was not wholly what is known in that region as a "hand-made" house. Such a house there was, farther up among the hills, where not only were the hewn timbers covered with split shingles, but even the few nails required were made by the neighborhood blacksmith. Much of the furniture in this house, too, even bedsteads and chairs, was cut out by the ax and shave and knife of the owner.

One cannot live among these West Virginia hill people and not learn to like them and respect them—drawing

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the line at "sand-diggers" and "cliff-dwellers." In general, they have a superb physical development—no extra flesh, but tall, straight, and strong; and they look one in the eye. They are independent in a self-respecting way, and accept no favors they cannot return. A Nicholas County farmer on his way to market, stopping for the night near the camp, would accept an invitation to supper only on condition that his hosts crack a watermelon from his wagon with him after the meal. They are intelligent, too, for their opportunities, most of them, even if one man passing camp did stop to ask if a big portable tin bath-tub, which one of the party had brought to camp with him, was some kind of a boat. What was the use of having a bath-tub there, anyway,

with the Gauley river at one's feet? This hill country of West Virginia is as well supplied with neat little wooden school houses as any part of New England, and the standard required of the teachers is said to be high. Near the camp lived a fourteen-year-old boy who, when school was in session, went to one of these houses "up the river." This boy—although he could row a boat, and fish, and fire a gun, and set his dog on the wandering hogs that beset the camp kitchen—had a face so pure and beautiful that a painter might have set it in a saint's retinue.

The next day the Spectator went to visit a coal mine far up among the hills. A young giant took him in charge, and showed him how to brace himself in the empty coal car in which

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he was to be dragged up 1,350 feet of incline on the mountain side, somewhat steeper than the roof of a house, by a wire rope hitched—so one would have said looking up to it from the valley below—to a pulley among the clouds. Oh, the wonder and beauty of the view from that mountain-top when the car reached it! Hill after hill rolled away beyond one another into the sky. Between them narrow valleys, sometimes with a thread of silver creek at the bottom; here and there a house, and smooth patches of lighter green marking corn fields. When the two men came from out the mine, afterward, and the guide had blown out the smoky little lamp which had lighted them, he straightened up to his whole superb height, and, throwing back his shoulders so

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as to draw in a long breath, stood looking down into the valley. "How beautiful this country is!" the Spectator said. The young miner looked down at him. "I love it," he said. "I was born here among the hills, and I'm just uneasy anywhere else. I've tried it, but I always come back. When the laurel bushes blossom here in the spring, it's the prettiest place I ever saw. Men ain't always to be trusted, but these hills are always just the same."

IV

AN EAST SIDE POLITICAL OUTING

IV

AN EAST SIDE POLITICAL OUTING

THE Spectator was one of many thousands to enjoy a spectacle which taught him what politics means in the East Side of New York. The daily papers had announced, one after another, the annual outings of the many political factions that add to the gayety of life in New York, as well as to its problems. Every announcement of this character had one or two adjectives to describe the outing—"largest" or "greatest," with preference for the first. The morning papers recently announced that the truly largest—if that is permissible—outing was to be given that day,

followed by a parade through the district of the leader's five thousand followers; that every band in the lower part of the city had been engaged for the outing and the parade, and that altogether this leader would surpass his own efforts in the past. A car deposited the Spectator in front of the district leader's liquor-saloon. For several blocks there had been an air of expectancy in the crowds on the usually active Bowery. Lanterns and bunting gave an air of festivity to buildings here and there along the way. As the car approached the headquarters of the district leader the air of expectancy changed to suppressed excitement. Groups were gathering on the sidewalk. The small boy was securing his usual point of vantage, the ele-

vated railroad column, while his venturesome sister took possession of any chance projection that was within reach, hanging on to the lamp-posts, the posts of stoops, or on barrels or boxes. Families were out. Mothers, bare-headed or with gay shawls covering their heads, carried the youngest baby; the father, with hat of the latest style, and coatless, carried the next, while the others straggled unnoticed in the crowd, but fearless and able to hold their own. Scores of working-girls, gayly dressed, laughing and chatting, greeting friends, making jokes, tended to make even the Bowery gayer and less business-like than usual.

The shops carefully avoided showing political affiliations, though there

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was a canny bid for trade. The liquor-saloons alone dared risk open declaration of political color. The saloon of the leader was decorated from the sidewalk to the roof with streamers of red, white and blue, with flags, lanterns, and transparencies. An enormous lantern surrounded by smaller lanterns hung over the middle of the street. At this point the sidewalk was impassable. The hero-worshipers, from the tiny chap who ought to have been in bed to the oldest voter in the district, and all the ages between, were gathered to greet the man who ruled them. They were ready to take the places of the faithful adherents who were too tired after the day's festivities to march all the way in the parading ranks.

It is the Spectator's good fortune to count among his friends a young man who knows the East Side thoroughly. This young man's attitude towards it is dispassionate and to the last degree non-partisan. He sees the virtues and the vices of all the leaders, and deals out justice when he compares them. "Why, this is not the place to see this show. Come, I'll take you," was his greeting when the Spectator's object was made known to him. As the Spectator and his friend picked their way through the streets, over babies, between baby-carriages and groups of mothers, looking sharply to avoid banana-peelings meanwhile, the Spectator listened to the life-history of this leader. "Know him? Why, everybody knows *him*. He

grew up over here. He used to black shoes and sell newspapers. He gets jobs now in the Street-Cleaning Department for lots of men whose boots he blacked when a boy. Smart? Smart ain't in it with that feller: he's more than smart. There ain't a man anywhere can hold a candle to him. Why, he's made himself.—Yes, sir, big and good-looking; always dresses well; not like a sport, you know—he ain't that kind; dresses like a gentleman, he does, always. No fellow ever went to him and asked help that didn't get it. His heart is as big as himself; fills him up all the way through. Every man in the district knows who's his best friend. He gets them work; he helps them when they're sick; buries them if

they ain't insured. Nobody goes to Potter's Field from his district. He hustles every minute. Nobody ever catches him asleep. He's on to every trick. He knows a feller the minute he puts his eye on him. He's a hustler from the word go. Say, do you know his is the banner district? There ain't a vote cast in his district 'cept for his party. No need counting votes there after election. Look at the list—that's the vote solid. He runs a lot of pool-rooms. Raided? What if they were; 'twouldn't touch him—they ain't in his name. No, they ain't one o' his men would squeal. He don't have that kind around him. You may think it's wrong; I suppose you do; but I tell you, it's hard saying what would come to the

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poor of his district if it were not for him. He stands by his friends, and they know it. Lordy, though, he's an ugly man to run up against! You'd better move out of the district. I guess they do, those who run up agin Jimmie [the Spectator will call this great leader Jimmie for convenience]. They don't stay in his district, you can put that down."

We had crossed the Bowery and were now in the heart of this leader's district. As we turned a corner the Spectator stood still. Could this be New York? The street, as far as the eye could see, was an arch of lights—red, green, and white. The shabby, squalid tenement-houses of the daytime had been turned into palaces by the magic of light. Fire-escapes, deco-

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rated with bunting, flags and lanterns, became balconies; strings of lanterns extended in every direction across the fronts of buildings, revealing the olive-skinned, dark-eyed women in gay colors leaning over balcony railings, chatting and laughing with their friends. Under the arches of light made by colored glass lanterns over the immediate center, with ropes of lanterns looped to the posts erected on the streets, moved the Italians of other sections of the city. It was a gala night, a festa that was born in the new country. A shrine that had been one of many erected the preceding week to mark a religious festival had not yet been dismantled; its glitter and its candles were the center for the crowds.

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As block after block was traversed slowly through the crowds that filled not only the sidewalk but the street, the scene was so unlike anything American that one doubted his senses. Hardly a face in sight was that of an American. Except among the children not a word of English was spoken. The women on street and balconies wore large earrings, gold chains, and gay colors. The sharpness of contrast between the prodigality of the exterior decorations and the smoke-begrimed ceilings and general poverty of the rooms behind the balconies added to the strangeness of the scene.

At last there is a blaze of fireworks and the sound of explosions at the far end of the street. "Here they come!" the small boys cry out,

and scamper for any place that will take them above the crowd, or they wriggle through to the curb. Without the least confusion the street is cleared, and the people are on the sidewalk crowded from curb to house. On balcony after balcony red fire is burned, and Roman candles send their balls of light to add to the beauty. The ladders leading up the front of the buildings from one fire-escape to the next above are crowded, and over the roofs, as the lime-light on the wagons in the procession reveal, are hundreds and hundreds of faces looking down. What prevents a panic, or a fire, is a mystery. Paper lanterns catch fire and drop on the drapery and the people below. Sparks from the fireworks sent off above the crowds

drop down on cotton dresses, bare heads and upturned faces. The enthusiasm vents itself in fireworks. There is no hurraing,—not even when the leader's proxy who heads the procession comes in sight,—only more fireworks, more lanterns lighted, more laughter, more chattering, more happiness.

The procession is headed by a platoon of police stretching from curb to curb, but they have no trouble, the people of themselves make way. And the banner! It is the proud emblem of success! Not a vote in the district for the other party. Proud are the four bearers and attendant guard of honor. And then the voters and their sons who will not vote, some of them, for several years—on they

come, battalion after battalion, small regard to time or tune. Gayly they are saluted by friends, and gayly they salute.

Suddenly the Spectator discovered that many of the men wore white caps with narrow black band and visor. "Yes; them's the regular crowd, been to the outing; those others dropped in on the way up. Oh, yes, they'll get beer, all they want, when it's over. Yes; I tell you Jimmie never does anything by halves." "Who pays for all these lights—the people?" asks the Spectator. "Jimmie gets a man a job in the Street-Cleaning Department, you see, and the man decorates his fire-escape. That's the way he shows Jimmie his gratitude," was the answer.

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The last bony white horse and peddler's cart with its lime-light had passed, and the Spectator started homeward. One block away a darkness that might be felt covered the street. It was out of Jimmie's district, out of the rays of his protection, out of the reach of his generosity, beyond the reach of his "big heart," for the votes there did not count in Jimmie's district. Early the next morning the Spectator was on a surface car that crosses Jimmie's district. Bootblacks, newsboys, young boys on their way to work, wore white caps with narrow black band and visor. Jimmie's caps were the badge of allegiance worn proudly by the coming voters.

V

CONCERNING THE SENSE
OF HUMOR

V

CONCERNING THE SENSE OF HUMOR

FVERY night and morning, when I say my prayers," asserted a sweet lady of many sorrows, "from the bottom of my heart I thank my heavenly Father, first, that I can read books, and, secondly, that I have a sense of humor." And, indeed, through the tragic happenings of that little lady's brave life, those who knew her best could never doubt that her trials were lightened, her burdens made bearable, by the possession of those same blessings for which she thus gave thanks. It has always seemed to the Spectator a little strange that

among the beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount humor is not once definitely mentioned as a cardinal blessing for which man should strive and pray. But those who, with the Spectator, reverently believe in humor as a rare and helpful virtue may be able to persuade themselves that some one of the beatitudes must have stood, in its day and generation, as the equivalent of what we would now call *humor*. Some time in the future one of our scholars may make the discovery that humor was definitely mentioned in this inspired list, just as it has been decided that it isn't "charity" that vaunteth not itself, but "love." Or it may be that the gentle gift of humor had no actual place or need of existence in the storm and stress

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of those sterner, more volcanic, less conventional and less subtle days. Be this as it may, it remains true for us in this present period that some degree of humor each of us must have, or labor under a serious disadvantage among our kind. Firmness of temper, force of character, patience, endurance—all these can do much toward gaining an end in view. But when all these forces have been applied in turn unsuccessfully, how often, at a sudden touch on that mighty lever called *humor*, do we see all that accomplished which force could never have gained!

There was a certain very reasonable-minded friend of the Spectator's who owned a wharf that led up from the water before his door to his

summer home, but, unfortunately, this wharf was also a convenient landing-place for the public road that ran behind his house. The wharf-owner was a man sufficiently generous to the traveling public, but when a man has any regard for privacy, as most of us have, or ought to have, it is not conducive to a calm state of temper to find boats constantly tied to our pier-posts, and the boats' owners climbing over our wharf to walk across our lawns, past our porch, and under the very shadow of our own private vine and fig-tree. The wharf's proprietor tried to solve his problem by every method that firmness and dignity dictated. He built him a fence at the pier's end. He posted warning signs, and in his own person,

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with more or less imperiousness, warned off persistent trespassers. All was of no avail. At last, one morning, this fertile-minded proprietor went to his wharf and carefully removed from it every sign he had posted there. He also removed every vestige of his fence, leaving the way perfectly free. Then on the end of his landing he hung one fairly large sign that threatened nothing and nobody. The sign was merely a polite but brief poem, and ran thus:

Please keep off
This private wharf.

Which gentle and, above all, humorous request was strictly respected from the hour of its appearance. Boat-loads of people paused on their way, read, laughed, and passed on,

but ventured not to intrude on a privacy that laughingly ridiculed them as intruders, though they had not hesitated to trespass when seriously threatened. The Spectator will quote one other such efficacious sign: "We don't lend our tools; you don't return them!" This suggestive and humorous saying, hand-painted, and hanging over a country carpenter's work-bench, must have palsied many a tongue that came a-borrowing. The Spectator can answer for one tongue that hurriedly changed a request for the loan of a foot-rule to a mild request for a drink of water, but doubtless there were others who were similarly affected.

As a weapon of self-defense, humor has its own peculiar place in life's arsenal; that fact is proven; but it

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is not a weapon of *offense*, as is satire, the bastard cousin of humor. Humor's gentle answer turneth away wrath, while satire invites anger. A humorous retort has a pleasant and calming influence, yet carries with it at the same time a subtle warning that the speaker is not quite to be trifled with. Satire gives a like warning, to be sure, but, in common with chickens and curses and boomerangs, satire has a fatal trick of coming home to roost. No one wholly enjoys being laughed at, smile the humorist ever so gently; and in this laugh lies humor's restraining power; but when it comes to being *sneered* at, as satire sneers, human nature will not endure the insult, and sooner or later vengeance is apt to follow. It may be that humor has no place

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in the original beatitudes, but the Spectator must still declare, Blessed are the Humorous! We love them for the self-restraint which keeps ridicule inside the line of satire, and yet we fear their gentle laugh sufficiently to respect their "private wharves."

Still speaking of humor, it is not always an easy thing to define, even where we detect its presence. Not long ago the Spectator was visiting a fellow-worker, who was a wife and mother, and as he sat near her desk his eye was suddenly caught by a memorandum written so clearly that at a glance (this is the Spectator's justification) he read it. It ran thus:

Write short essay on humor.

Buy matches.

Stove-lifter.

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"What are you laughing at?" asked the Spectator's hostess, and in reply he silently pointed to the memorandum on the desk. The authoress blushed a little as she read the list, but the woman in her rose at once in defense.

"And why not essays and stove-lifters?" she asked.

"Why not, indeed?" replied the Spectator. "Only it struck me that your memorandum was a kind of short humorous essay in itself. What do you think?"

And after a momentary struggle the writer of this short humorous essay admitted the impeachment.

"I can see it's humorous," she answered, "but I don't see why it is. Matches and stove-lifters are just as serious affairs and just as impor-

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tant to have as essays on any subject. Suppose you let me look over *your* note-book."

The Spectator handed her his note-book, and there on the first leaf that appeared, were these memoranda:

Answer Gov. ——'s letter.

See Editor of ——.

Buy Johnny's rocking-horse.

"*There!*" cried the Spectator's hostess, turning the leaf out triumphantly.

The Spectator read the items over.

"Yes," he said, "there they are, the same kind of items: but your point is not proven. Your memorandum strikes us both as humorous, and mine doesn't at all. It seems perfectly natural. I don't know why that's so, but it is, and you know it."

The Spectator's candid friend

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thought for a moment and then replied:

"But why is it so?"

"I don't know," said the Spectator. "I think it has something to do with the woman question, but I'm not sure."

"Suppose you write and ask The Outlook about it," said the lady.

"I will," said the Spectator.

VI

JOHNS HOPKINS'
QUARTER CENTURY



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JOHNS HOPKINS' QUARTER CENTURY

THE Spectator's English friends are wont to jeer at our American fondness for semi and quarter centennials and anniversaries. No doubt it is a sign of the newness of our National life that we celebrate so eagerly the lapse of inconsiderable intervals of time. Now and then, however, a quarter-century holds for some institution or other a record of achievement which it would be a crying shame not to celebrate. Such a quarter century, the Spectator thinks, has just closed for Johns Hopkins University. In twenty-five brief years

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Johns Hopkins has not only so profoundly influenced the educational standards of America as practically to inaugurate a new educational era, but it has contrived to wring a thoroughgoing respect for American scholarship from the grudging savants of the Old World. Therefore, despite his English critics, the Spectator noted with approval that Johns Hopkins proposed to make a jubilee of its first quarter centennial. Twenty-five years ago, on Washington's Birthday, Dr. Gilman took control of the infant university. Washington's Birthday this year (1902) sees the inauguration of a new President. The Spectator has been able to hear but one verdict as to the choice of Dr. Ira Remsen, of the department of Chemistry, to fill its

vacant chair. A man of conspicuous scholarship, genial personality, and great executive ability; a man familiar for years with every cog in the elaborate mechanism of the University, Dr. Remsen has slipped quietly into the place of the retired chief, and the University has gone through the crisis with never a jar.

The Spectator well remembers his first introduction to the veteran President of Johns Hopkins. It was at a library party held one gusty September evening in a cozy cottage on the coast of Maine. The other guests and the books they represented are lost in nebulous uncertainty. But the Spectator remembers that Dr. Gilman appeared in faultless evening dress, with only a copy of his annual report in his

hand. The whole library of wits were baffled. Long after all the other grotesquely costumed characters had been guessed, the last obscure allusion ferreted out, that picturesque white-haired figure, with the University report, remained as inscrutable as ever. It was a young girl from New York who cried at last, "I have you! You're 'Progress and Poverty,' by George!" It matters little that her clever guess went wide, that Dr. Gilman meant to impersonate the Book of Daniel, —she had compressed into a neat phrase the popular understanding of Johns Hopkins. Indeed, with its fatal facility for remembering ill news, the public is less impressed with the progress than with the poverty.

Now, the Spectator prides himself on keeping abreast of current history; but he is forced to confess that he was not altogether innocent of this popular misconception when he went, this fall, to visit the University. The buildings did not deceive him. Indeed, the Spectator walked several times around them before he could persuade himself that these gloomy-looking, though dignified, Romanesque structures really represented so impressive an institution as Johns Hopkins University. Arrived at the president's office, he confided to Dr. Remsen his regret that an institution which started out with such boundless ambitions should be so cruelly hampered for lack of funds. The president smiled, and suggested as an

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antidote to that state of mind a tour of the laboratories under expert guidance. Assenting, the Spectator was convoyed over the buildings by a long series of Ph.D.'s, who deluged him with interesting information till his brain reeled. They use the German fashion at Johns Hopkins, giving every man his title of "Doctor." As the Spectator was brought up to say "Professor," he had much ado to teach his tongue the new trick; and he came away with harrowing suspicion that he had "Doctored" the elevator-boy. Long before he had finished his round the Spectator was ready to retract on his weary knees the charge of poverty. Not that there was magnificence of the marble and mosaic type; outside McCoy Hall there is

little enough of that. Some of the buildings are even honestly ugly, though each one fits its use to perfection; for Johns Hopkins buildings are an adaptation to needs, having been planned by the men who work in them. What impressed the Spectator was the seemingly limitless supply of everything needed for actual work. Electrical voltage is turned on like water; costly and infinitely delicate pieces of apparatus, by the hundred, are treated as essential furniture; and as for minor laboratory supplies, in the great store-rooms delicate flasks, clumsy mortars, measuring-glasses, and the like, crowd countless shelves, while frail glass tubing is sheafed up like grain. What any student needs, and the University has not, is instantly bought;

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or, if money will not buy it, it is made for him in the University workshops. The Spectator was assured that if the question lay between hampering the work of professor or student and running into debt, they would unhesitatingly choose debt. As a matter of fact, it is not necessary. Baltimoreans came generously to the University's relief in time of need, and outside funds still supply the deficiency in its endowment income. They have millions for genuine research, but not one cent for show.

The Spectator's strongest preconception of Johns Hopkins was that of a very solemn place. He expected to find the learned professors grave of countenance and impressive of manner. What he did find was

a body of men, young-looking for their years, alert, enthusiastic, with a strong tendency toward vigorous, even colloquial expression—not slang, but concrete, idiomatic English. The Spectator is beginning to suspect that a discriminating use of crisp idiom is an evidence of intellectual independence. Look at the letters of Stevenson, Rossetti, Ruskin, Huxley—they are liberally interlarded with diction as colloquial as it is forcible. Be this as it may, the University men with whom the Spectator talked were apparently concerned about nothing so little as the impression they made. They were men of obvious culture, but they were also eager, unconventional, keenly alive. The blight of the teaching profession was not on them.

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They were men actively at work, not mere rehearsers of knowledge garnered in some forgotten past and poured out soullessly to deaden the souls of unfortunate youth.

The finest thing about the University, to the Spectator's mind, was the prevailing atmosphere of eager, unforced work. Compulsion has no place in research. Nobody cares whether a graduate student works much or little—it is his own affair. The influence of the professors is needed rather to prevent overwork. Passing the University at five o'clock on winter afternoons and glancing into the lighted laboratories, the Spectator saw always scores of young men in their shirt-sleeves, poring over mechanical apparatus, or microscopes, or mysterious chemical de-

coctions. There they stay night after night till they are put out. This spirit filters down more or less to the graceless undergraduates, making it possible to extend somewhat of that freedom which belongs to the true university to distinctively college work. For at Johns Hopkins, as at no other American university where the two elements combine, the graduate outnumbers and overpowers the undergraduate body.

The Spectator mistook the fine collection of books on the top floor of McCoy Hall for the University library. He was quickly disabused of that narrow notion. The library is all over the University. The technical books, scientific, linguistic, economic, and the like, are treated as working apparatus, and shelved

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each in its appropriate laboratory or seminary. They put the student and the books he wants in the closest possible contact. The University has priceless complete sets of foreign technical journals; each goes where most needed. Of current scientific journals they take about two thousand—simply all there are; these go to the laboratory tables, to be discussed and digested by the students at monthly journal meetings. But the library resources of the "Hopkins man" do not stop with the one hundred thousand volumes within University walls. Baltimore is the paradise of bookworms. The great students' library at Peabody Institute, the Enoch Pratt, Mercantile, Steinicke, and Maryland Historical Society libraries, bring half a mil-

lion books within half a mile of the University. Moreover, three-quarters of an hour and half a dollar will put a Hopkins man within reach of the limitless resources of the Library of Congress. Once in the capital, he has the undigested, stored-up wisdom of the national museums at his command as much as if he were studying in the prospective National University.

Thanksgiving morning the Spectator spent in a solitary trip to the so-called "new site" of Johns Hopkins. "Homewood," they call the beautiful, hilltop country place which Mr. Wyman has offered to the University upon the sole condition that one million dollars be subscribed to accompany his gift. That this million has not yet been made up is,

the Spectator thinks, little to the credit of the country. With millions flying about like snowflakes, it seems strange that none have settled upon an institution so unhampered by unfortunate founders' restrictions and with such limitless possibilities of growth. However, a beautiful faith sustains the authorities in the belief that this unique opportunity will not be allowed to slip from them; and they refer to Homewood as "the new site." A ride through the brownstone length of Charles Street and out into open country brought the Spectator to a board-walk leading across a field and up a fine hill, bordered by splendid stretches of rich Maryland woodland. Squirrels were whisking about in the leaf-filled hollows; giant crows sailed

cawing overhead ; the ring of horses' hoofs on the hard road came up through the crisp, still air. At the crest of the hill the Spectator discovered a big gateway marked "Boys' Country School." He stepped inside and faced a beautiful colonial mansion, a veritable Monticello. Behold! the Carroll mansion, and the "site"! Here on this high hill is to be the future campus; here the room for that expansion which never can come in the crowded city's heart; here the clean, pure air which hangs no curtain between the night sky and the astronomer's anxious eyes; here the gracious quiet for these patient experiments which now must be carried on while the city sleeps and its rumbling carts are still; here, within two miles of

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that Monument which is the Hub of Baltimore, and yet in the wholesome countryside—the site of sites! The Spectator felt a prophetic thrill. Before his mind's eye rose a picture of the future University, expressed in architectural terms worthy of its intellectual ideals—a vision he believes will one day come true.

VII

AT BEREА COLLEGE
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VII

AT BEREА COLLEGE

FVERY ounce of educational power, efficiently applied, at the right moment, on the most receptive material." This was the conviction which flashed into the Spectator's mind when, not long ago, he visited Berea College for the first time. Colleges represent a vast range of accumulation, efficiency, and opportunity. Some colleges impress the imagination by reason of their traditions and their surroundings; they belong to a ripe past; they have been mellowed by the touch of time; memory has gathered about them as richly as the ivy has crept up the walls. Some colleges are

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impressive by reason of the capitalized scholarship which they represent. Last summer, when the Spectator was rowed over the marvelous half-mile of the Cam at the backs of the colleges, it seemed to him, as it has seemed before, as if no equal distance in Europe was so rich in the things which suggest the beauty and ripeness of an ancient civilization. Queens', Kings', Clare, Trinity, St. John's, united by beautiful arching bridges with the shaded meadows across the stream, stand for the accumulated capital of knowledge and for the richest and the most impressive intellectual traditions. At every turn great names are in the air; in every quadrangle one is reminded of the noblest names in English literature, religion, and

thought. These ancient colleges have everything which can invest a seat of learning with dignity, influence, and romance. One could dream forever along the banks of the Cam, as one could dream forever in the Gardens of Oxford.

At the other end of the long line of educational service stands Berea—a new college compared with the venerable institutions which line the Cam; a poor college when one thinks of the endowments of Harvard, of Yale, and of Chicago; a college remote from the great centers when one recalls the Sorbonne, Berlin, and Columbia; but a college with its face to the future, dealing at first hand with the “stuff of life” in a body of young men and young women of pure English blood, whose

ancestors have been cut off from the world for nearly two centuries, and who now emerge with the racial qualities of the English-speaking people, but untutored and undeveloped. If one looks at the past, he will not find at Berea those elements which charm the imagination at Oxford, at Heidelberg, at Cambridge; but if he looks at the present with reference to the material with which the college deals, and at the future with reference to the influence which the college may exert, he will leave Berea, as the Spectator did, with a holy joy in his heart that there are in America such places of sacrifice, of concentrated efficiency, and of religious enthusiasm. In the older universities there is always a certain weariness;

for the weight of knowledge, like the weight of money, makes some men cynical, skeptical and indifferent. This is the penalty which is always paid for great accumulations. Where such accumulations exist there will be many who will take what they need and refuse to be burdened by that which cannot enrich them; but there will be others who, out of the mere lust of acquisition, with the miser's instinct, will bury themselves under the weight of the learning of other centuries. At Berea no man has time to be cynical or skeptical; the work of the hour is too pressing, the appeal for knowledge is too direct, the opportunity for immediate effectiveness is too evident. Every bit of educational capital in the little Kentucky

town is turned over in the shortest possible time.

Berea is unique in its situation and its possibilities. It lies at the entrance to that great mountain or table land which President Frost has called "Appalachian America," the "back yards of nine States;" a territory which includes about two hundred mountain counties and is much larger than New England; which heretofore has been accessible only on horseback, and which, by reason of its natural formation, has been shut off from rapid or frequent intercourse with the rest of the world. In this secluded America live more than two million men, women, and children whose ancestors have been kept secluded from the rest of the country since the Revolution, and

who are now living under practically the same conditions which obtained in that section in colonial times. These people are of pure English blood, the most interesting survivals in our time of an earlier condition of a race from which we are descended. They still have their own household industries; they wear the clothes which they make on their looms; they use the old Saxon words, speaking a much earlier and quainter English than that which is in use in the rest of the country. Barter is carried on in every store; religion is of the most primitive character; political ideas are largely feudal, although the men of that section bore a heroic part in the war for the Union. Primitive log huts, which are often not much better than rude

shanties, dot the valleys and mountain sides of the lonely country, and the children who grow up in those mountain solitudes, which have been so admirably described by Miss Murfree and John Fox, Jr., bear the stamp of their surroundings. The blood-feud survives; moonshine whiskey is still made in great quantities, and the revenue officer is held to be a public enemy. There one finds views of surpassing loveliness, impressive and majestic outlines, one valley merging into another valley, over two hundred miles of territory, and mountain peak crowding upon mountain peak to the farthest horizon line.

It is for the young men and the young women of Appalachian America that Berea college preëminently

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stands. It has other students from the adjacent Northern States, and it has a small group of negro students; but its eight hundred and more undergraduates are drawn largely from the great table-land at the back of the college. They are boys and girls with the ancient instinct of our race in their blood, with moral cleanness, with great personal independence, and with innate energy and intelligence when these qualities are liberated. If the stories of these mountain boys and girls could be collected, they would read like romance. Many of them have seen so little of the world that the first sight of the buildings at Berea appalls by reason of what appears to be their incredible magnitude. More than once students

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have been turned back by their parents, after great preparation and long journeys on foot or horseback, because the first sight of a train of moving cars brought such terror that the father was not willing to trust his son into the keeping of such an engine of destruction. Many of these boys are in the habit of walking from one to two hundred miles in order to get to college; and when they arrive they are able to live, under the generous provision which the college makes for them, at rates which seem incredible to a man accustomed to the scale of expenditure in older institutions. Nothing could be more impressive to an open-minded man than the silent appeal made by the youth of two millions of secluded

and uneducated Americans, with the characteristic American qualities in their blood, the eagerness with which these opportunities are sought when they are brought within the knowledge of boys and girls, and the self-sacrificing enthusiasm with which a band of teachers are meeting this opportunity and planting the seeds of knowledge and power in this rich and unworked soil. Organized in a free community, and expressing the impulse for reform, receiving again and again the liberating and inspiring touch of Oberlin, Berea College is using its opportunity with breadth and freedom, adapting its educational methods to the immediate needs of the exceptional constituency to which it appeals, and training the eye and the hand in crafts

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and trades as thoroughly as it trains the mind. It is, in a very real sense, an educational community, where the older traditions inspire fresher and more practical methods, and the endeavor is made, not to illustrate a system of education, but to help men and women, through broadly diversified training, to help themselves.

Although Berea is one of the youngest of colleges, and one of the poorest in point of endowment, it does not content itself with working upon students under its own roof; its influence is abroad in the mountains. The impetus of the Berea spirit has brought about an adaptation of university extension methods to the conditions of the mountain people; and many of the

remotest hamlets in Appalachian America have been stirred by the work of the college men, bent in the simplest and most human way upon sharing with these neglected kinsmen the intellectual and moral life of the world. Popular lectures, talks on history, addresses on schools, special meetings for farmers, for housewives, for teachers, practical talks on family feuds, the use of small circulating libraries—all these methods are being employed to carry Berea throughout the whole district. More than this, Berea is represented in the schools of the State by hundreds of teachers, and it is becoming a definite influence for better methods and a new spirit in sections where education was formerly not only meager but ele-

mentary. Thus this young college, with its small endowment of money but its vital force of conviction and its group of enthusiastic teachers, is not only bringing the mountain people to its doors, but is invading the mountains and penetrating them with the best thought, the best knowledge, and the best methods of modern times. At the head of this noble young college is a man of tireless energy and inspiring personality who is pouring his life out in heroic efforts to establish it on solid foundations and equip it for its unique work. He has already accomplished much, but his task is still far too heavy. An additional endowment of five hundred thousand dollars would give Dr. Frost what the country owes as a very inadequate recogni-

tion of a noble public service. In the abundance of these golden years there must be men and women who are waiting for this opportunity to serve their kind for all time to come.

VIII

“BE NOT TOO TIDY”

VIII

"BE NOT TOO TIDY"

THE Spectator suffered a severe shock yesterday, which has in a degree uprooted some of his most cherished illusions and set him a-pondering whether there is, after all, any law which it is never right to break. If you had asked the Spectator yesterday if it could ever be moral to deliberately sweep crumbs under a hearth-rug, he would have promptly and emphatically answered "No!" To-day he could make no such reply. His conversion was in this wise. Within the last twenty-four hours the Spectator was calling at the house of a friend whose morality he has always

considered above question, and whose reputation for superlative house-keeping rests like a halo above her brow; and yet it was in her drawing-room that the Spectator received his lesson anent crumbs and hearth-rugs. Afternoon tea was being served to the Spectator, and a young daughter of the house, in passing a plate of brittle little cakes, dropped all those cakes to the floor, where they broke, scattering a shower of crumbs. The daughter at once moved to the bell, and had laid her hand upon it, evidently intending to ring for the maid. "No, no, my dear," said her mother; "don't ring for Susan. Just take the hearth-brush there and sweep the crumbs under the hearth-rug." "Mamma!" exclaimed this well-brought-up daughter. But her

mother sat placidly confident and unabashed, merely remarking: "Susan ought really to be in bed this afternoon. She's keeping up simply because it's my reception day. The crumbs can wait perfectly well until to-morrow. 'Be tidy. Be not too tidy.'" "

The Spectator sat amazed in his chair, and, it must be confessed, he was at that moment disloyally wondering if there were many other such skeletons concealed under other hearth-rugs in this house. A little later he plucked up sufficient courage to make to his hostess a laughing confession of the shock he had suffered at her hands. "I am sure you are right," he said, "but won't you explain to me why you are right?" To the Spectator's amaze-

ment this notable house-mother with some warmth recorded her disapproval of those who could never bring themselves to thus sweep crumbs under rugs. "I have seen housekeepers," she averred, "who not only lived and died to be clean, but who *killed* for it. There have been times," went on this blended Mary and Martha, "when I have seen my floors very dirty indeed, and known it was my plain duty to continue to see them dirty—and keep calm. I have had to make it a matter of *prayer* to be able to sweep crumbs under rugs and to believe that cleanliness isn't the first thing in the world at all times, in season and out. But you can't be expected to understand such things."

The Spectator, though but a man,

flattered himself that he did understand his friend's position and approved it, yet at the same time he had an awestruck kind of feeling, as if the ashes of his grandmother were being strewed to the winds of heaven. He could remember that venerable lady earnestly requesting him as a lad to walk about her drawing-room "on the dark spots in the carpet;" and to this day he can recall the peculiar gait with which he crossed those floors in his dutiful visits to the grandmaternal mansion, for the "dark spots" were at irregular distances from each other. As for the Spectator's sister, she used always to wear a train gown when she visited the grandmother, and as she stepped across the polished floors of the halls she

would contrive to stoop stealthily and wipe out with the end of her train whatever traces of dust her youthful feet had left upon the shining surface. The grandmother's feet, for some mysterious reason, never left any traces of dust anywhere. But the Spectator cannot remember that either he or his sister ever saw anything humorous in their efforts—at the time.

The Spectator begins to feel that this is a dangerous topic for him to dwell on. In the first place, by virtue of his sex, he is supposed to be ignorant of what the laws of household cleanliness should be. But when it comes to a question of personal cleanliness, the Spectator knows he has a right to speak with the best, and hereby feels

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obliged to state that he has seen even that pleasing virtue carried too far. It is a long step from the man of more clothing than he can count to the poor man with but two changes of raiment, yet the latter, when he wears one set and himself carefully launders the other set, is more true to a high ideal of cleanliness than is his more fortunate brother whose laundress is a remote personage.

"I have never envied the very rich their horses and carriages, or their gowns and balls," sighed a slender-pursed young lady to the Spectator, "but from the bottom of my heart I have always passionately envied the rich their exquisite cleanliness. Think of fresh ruching in your neck and sleeves every day if you want

it!" There is undoubtedly a luxury of cleanliness that every one cannot afford. Some people have not the right to be as exquisitely clean as some other people. That perfectly sleek, well-groomed look which we all know, by sight at least, comes only with never running for a street car, never hurrying on foot from one function to another, and never wearing the clothing that belongs properly at one time of the day or year at another time. It isn't every one who can afford to ride always in a carriage or own an appropriate suit for each occasion and season, and these less fortunate brethren must sometimes wear a hot and dusty-looking spring suit in midsummer, and no use of a clothes-brush will make that suit

look as dainty as a summer suit proper.

In this same connection the Spectator was of late interested in a conversation between two young men on this question of neatness, or cleanliness, or call it what you will. One of these lads was asserting that the difference between a gentleman and a man who was not a gentleman lay in the question of ability to control the laundry-bag. "No gentleman," so argued this sage, "had any control of the matter. Each separate day must, by a *full suit*, swell that bag." It was with the utmost difficulty that the Spectator refrained from intruding with his officious tongue to ask if it made no difference who paid the laundry bill. As the Spectator chanced to know,

this particular boy's mother slaved with her own hands for strangers and for pay to send her son to college, and he, forsooth, must wear fresh raiment daily! If this was not a case of dissipation in cleanliness, then the Spectator has a false idea of what dissipation actually is. Of course the Spectator knows all about the ideal relativity of godliness and cleanliness, and he is quite prepared to defend the sacredness of both against any odds; but neatness, and the fresh cleanliness that comes with the healthy care of the body, is something quite different from a certain exquisite cleanliness that comes largely from a luxury of clothing that, like all other luxuries, is delightful to possess if one has the money to pay for it. In taking this

stand the Spectator hopes he will not be considered as falling in line with that brutality of indifference to personal neatness which is at times affected by the virile and is by them regarded as a proof of virility.

The Spectator remembers a friend confessing to him that when in the summers he got off into the Alps, as was his yearly custom, he would find, as the season waned, that the piece of bread and cheese which he most enjoyed was that chunk which had in it the mark of his own great earth-stained thumb! When this state of mind came, the Spectator's friend asserted that he knew the hour had struck when he must at once return to the less virile and more civilized world. This gentleman, as the Spectator knew him, was a terror to

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hostesses because of his well-known fastidiousness and delicacy of palate.


Perhaps as a natural type we all are untidy creatures, we human beings. The above history would seem to point to a return to type from the veneer of civilization. Be that as it may, the Spectator is still not afraid to say that he himself has been converted to the morality of sweeping crumbs under hearth-rugs—as an exception, not a rule.

IX

UNCLE SAM'S BIG GUNS

IX

UNCLE SAM'S BIG GUNS

HE Spectator is a man of peace, both in theory and practice, under ordinary conditions. Just now, however, he wears a patriotic ribbon in his buttonhole, torments his friends by showing them a bit of smokeless powder which he carries in his pocket, and magnifies the power of the Nation's guns and the prowess of her soldiers, in season and out of season. This patriotism is the result of an invitation to visit Sandy Hook and lunch with an officer of the Ordnance Department who is stationed there. The opportunity was too good to pass by, and on a recent sunny day the hour of

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ten-thirty A. M. found the Spectator starting from Governor's Island with a genial friend on either side, and a couple of weather-beaten soldiers giving color to the scene and vigor to the adjacent conversation. A tidy sailorman remarked, as the boat swung into the stream: "Be careful with your cigars, gentlemen; there is powder aboard." The warning afforded just the proper thrill, and the smokers promptly became as smokeless as the powder.

It was a charming sail to Sandy Hook. The sky was clear, the water blue, the harbor as beautiful as ever. The big "Kaiser Wilhelm," monarch of the sea, glided into the Narrows ahead of us as gracefully as a pleasure yacht, and the "Yankee," in her war paint, frowning with guns, swung

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lazily at anchor just above the forts. The Spectator fell to talking with the soldiers. One was a veteran of ten years' service, wearing a medal on his breast and a face like a bronze statue. He was a splendid specimen physically, and had seen hard service on the plains and among the Indians. He said the discipline was more humane than it was when he enlisted, and if a man behaved himself it was all right. The fare he pronounced good enough for any soldier who didn't want the earth. The green recruits who stood at the landing near Fort Hamilton aroused his mirth. It took a year, he said, to get a man into shape so he could march. He was pleased to hear the name of the officer whom the Spectator was to visit. "That's my commanding offi-

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cer," he said, "and there isn't a man in the command who will say a word against him. If all the officers were like him, there would be a better feeling between officers and men."

After luncheon at the "mess" of the Ordnance officers—and a very good mess it was—it developed that the powder which had come down with us was of a new smokeless variety, and was to be tested at once in a ten-inch gun mounted on the proving grounds. If the reader has not seen or heard one of Uncle Sam's big guns, and knows only the cannon of the Civil War, he has missed something. This one is thirty-five feet long, and weighs sixty-five tons. Its powder charge is 130 pounds, more or less. Its projectile weighs

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a thousand pounds, and will do execution at eight miles. It costs over \$60,000 to make such a gun, and \$150 to fire it once. It was fired three times on the afternoon in question, and the Spectator felt that a salute costing \$450 had been fired in his honor—which of course wasn't so.

Two bags of coarse canvas, each, say, thirty inches long and ten inches in diameter, were trundled up to the gun and lifted to the platform at the breech, ten feet above the ground. Each bag contained sixty-five pounds of smokeless powder. Each grain of powder was a cylinder two and a half inches long and nearly an inch in diameter, perforated lengthwise with seven holes, to give the greatest possible combustion surface. A pointed

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projectile, three feet long, weighing a thousand pounds, was placed in the gun; then the two bags of powder, behind it. Then the breech-block was made fast, and the Spectator and his friends were escorted to a platform a hundred feet away. The officer blew a shrill whistle, and the men scurried out of range. The Spectator put his fingers in his ears — imitating his guide. "Ready!" said the officer — "Fire!"

The muzzle of the gun was a mass of flame. There was a crash of sound. Half a mile seaward a waterspout sprang into the air. Some seconds later another waterspout appeared a mile nearer Spain, and a third was seen still later, fully three miles out to sea. The Spectator was gratified to find his ear-drums still

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intact, and his appetite for further experience in the same line in no wise abated. He could, however, easily believe the statement that, as a result of the concussion, not only is the glass frequently shattered in the windows of the building a thousand feet away, but the sashes themselves are torn from their places. The smokeless powder was being tested for the velocity of its projectile and its pressure on the breech of the gun. The charge of 130 pounds was found to have given a velocity of 2,140 feet a second—about double the speed of sound—and a pressure of 29,800 pounds on each square inch of the breech. The methods by which this information was secured were described so clearly that the Spectator fondly imagined for a little while that

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he could make others understand what seemed so simple. He knew better as soon as he tried it. For the second shot the officer desired to secure a velocity of 2,250 feet a second; and so accurate was his calculation and so reliable the forces under his control that, after the projectile had ricocheted its picturesque way four miles to sea, the record showed a speed of just three feet a second more than had been planned.

There are sundry targets of armor-plate in the vicinity, some of which are full of holes, and some are awaiting their day of trial. Two shells had lately been fired at one of them from a distance of perhaps a thousand feet. Before firing the officer had drawn with chalk two circles, each about twelve inches in diameter. In

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one instance the ten-inch shell had made its hole so near the center that every part of the circumference was almost exactly equidistant from the surrounding chalk-mark; and the second hole was scarcely less accurately centered. Our friend said that in a recent test at 2,500 yards he had placed eight shells out of twelve within a circle a foot and a half in diameter. The shooting at Manila and Matanzas was easier to comprehend after hearing this. In answer to a question concerning durability, the Spectator learned that one of these guns may be fired three hundred times before its usefulness is gone. It takes the shell a tenth of a second to traverse the length of the gun. Therefore the total period of use is *thirty seconds*, counting the time

actually consumed in the journey of three hundred shells from breech to muzzle. And in those thirty seconds the cost of the ammunition used has been forty-five thousand dollars, reckoning each charge at \$150.

The Spectator learned a lot of things and enjoyed a lot of things which cannot be set down here. But the greatest thing of all that he learned was to appreciate in some dim and imperfect fashion the quality of service which Uncle Sam is getting from the men who are trained at West Point. All that the most eager civil service reformer hopes to accomplish in the post-office, the State Department, and the diplomatic service has long been a matter of course in the army. Thorough preparation, rigid discipline, promotion for proved

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merit, freedom from mercenary influence—these are characteristics of the service that make one proud of the Nation's defenders. If there is any better investment that the country makes in any department of the public service than the money it pays for the education and the maintenance of the sort of men who give their lives to the work of the army, the Spectator does not know what it is.

X

ONE KIND OF MIND
CURE

X

ONE KIND OF MIND CURE

THE Spectator often feels the rebound from that sympathetic oneness with Nature affected by the poets. He does not always find that "for his gayer hours she hath a voice of gladness and a smile," as the youthful Bryant declared. *Au contraire*, the Spectator too often finds that Nature seems so indifferent to either his gayer or his sadder hours that he is inclined to the "pathetic fallacy" of ascribing a minx's spitefulness to that grand old conglomerate "all outdoors." Who but a minx would invite the plump and confiding Spectator into the shady woodlands only

to deliver him up to her thirsty guerrilla bands, the mosquitoes? Who would delight to dispatch General Humidity against the par-boiled human race, save one that found joy in suffering, or at least was indifferent and heartless? Why should she mix the deadly amanita with the luscious mushroom? But here the Spectator pauses, seeing that he is approaching the Origin of Evil—and he has long ceased to find pleasure in discussing difficult questions. He will only allow himself the pleasure of the suggestion that it is all man's own fault. If steam heat indoors, then chilliness out-of-doors; only the Indian who is "all face" can gaze unabashed into Nature's chilly countenance. If mankind is to be cosseted into a

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tenderness that unfits him for the direct companionship of the elements, he must make his own environment, as the shell-less animals have learned to do. He must make himself a shell. Clothes are all very well in their way, and need not be abandoned; but there is really no reason why the completely civilized man should ever come into contact at all with the rude world.

"What could he do?" asked the Spectator's sympathetic friend—to whom things are occasionally read in MS. "He would have to go outdoors sometimes."

"Not at all," the Spectator insisted. "He could—if rich enough—have a large structure made to contain whatever he needed for life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness. Therein

might be his home, his office, his recreation-ground—whatever he required. He could escape the rain, snow, wind, dust, mud—in short, all the disagreeables, animate and inanimate.”

“But,” objected the friend, “he would lose the excitements of life.”

“Excitements?” answered the Spectator, calmly. “He would not care for them; he would be a graduate of the Don’t Worry Club, and far above the need of the vulgar stimuli of football games, elections, theatricals, public pageants, the circus, or yacht races. After they were decently over he could perhaps review them through the kinetoscope or kindred device.”

“To what end?” inquired the Spectator’s convenient auditor.

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"To no end. That is the beauty of the whole scheme. Free from the vicissitudes of the weather, unmoved by emotion, with even pulse, my ideal civilized being might live on and on until Methuselah's record was out-done."

"It sounds stupid," was the comment.

"It would be stupid—and hence highly civilized. What could be more *distingué* than a being without emotions, interests, or thoughts? Have you never observed how very vulgar a being with thoughts and opinions becomes when dropped into a gentle pool of social minnows? But no, they are not minnows; they do not scurry away. They are anemones—they shut up, and look ugly."

"What are you driving at?" asked

the Spectator's caller, picking up a magazine from the table to while away the time the Spectator might consume in answering.

"Simply carrying civilization to its logical outcome."

"See here, old man," the caller said, kindly; "I know what is the matter with you. It's the rain. It has been raining for four days steadily, I know; but brace up. Don't give up to it. What's that you've been reading?"

"Maeterlinck."

"Whew! What for?"

"I don't know. What do we read anything for?"

"You are in a bad way," said the Spectator's friend, with apparent cheerfulness. "You need a dose of —Walter Scott."

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"Why Walter Scott?"

"Because he was sound in wind and limb. . You mustn't read such things as Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Henry James, on rainy days. They set you to wandering about in your own mind. I wonder that there haven't been lists of books drawn up from the therapeutic point of view. There are books for rainy days and books for sunshiny days, and they should be labeled for the middle-aged."

"How would you go about it?"

"I? I'm not the man for the work. But I could make a try at it. Given a particular mental invalid's condition, and it would not take me long to draw up a mental regimen for him."

"Give me a specimen of thy skill," said the Spectator. "I will be for

the nonce the patient. Let me outline my own case. I am, we will say, blue. I do not see the good of it all. I am mentally weary. I don't want to think. I don't know the why or the wherefore of things. I don't, in short, care to consider at all. What shall I read?"

"Hum!" said the mental physician; "I know—I know. The condition is not an uncommon one nowadays. You have been reading too much light literature, and you have mental indigestion. To speak metaphorically, you have been consuming too much pastry and sweet stuff. You haven't allowed yourself to acquire an appetite. You have continually spoiled it by nibbling."

"But one can't give up reading," said the Spectator, hopelessly, "and

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I have no time to labor over a serious course of study."

"Very true," remarked the caller. "You wish to be cured, but are not willing to take the medicine. That, too, is a very common condition. But you must choose between health and illness. How many magazines do you read?"

"I glance over nearly all of them—most of them are good—to glance over," the Spectator urged.

"And newspapers?"

"Two a day, at least."

"And books?"

"A few; but I never feel that I have time to really read them," and the Spectator glanced uneasily at a volume of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" that lay upon the table.

"Do you expect," asked the Spec-

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tator's friend, impressively, "to keep up with all the modern progress in literature, science, art, politics, history, engineering, and at the same time to be a practical man of affairs, and to give a part of your time to whist, the gloves, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses?"

"I don't say I do," replied the Spectator, seeing that his friend waited for an answer and would not be denied. "But what is the modern man to do? How is he to help an interest in the Cuban war, the X rays, and the Zola trial?"

"Simply by letting them go. Almost everything of any importance will come to you without the seeking. Any one well-edited periodical will not leave you without some intimation of the really important views

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and news of the day. Let the rest go. You never miss the periodicals you don't see. Select the few that have some serious value and ignore the rest. I have done it—to my great satisfaction. Then—read Walter Scott, and, when your convalescence is well under way, Thackeray and Trollope. Henri Greville, Edmond About, Cooper, Washington Irving, Holmes's prose, Birrell's essays—all have a leisurely saneness that will do you good. Avoid the writers that stir you up—except Shakespeare, who will do you good even in that way. And when you have taken my advice you will cease to moralize gloomily about Nature."

"Good-night," said the Spectator, and began, on his friend's departure, to think the matter over. He knew

that the advice was well meant, and, as he had read all the newspapers in the house that evening, and as it wasn't time for the new magazines, he really was inclined to follow the path blazed out for him. But, alas for poor gullible mankind! The chances are that at the next cry of "Extra! Full account of the um-hum-ha, on the hum-um-a—just out! Extra!" the fallible Spectator will rush breathlessly to the door, and, if in pocket, will buy the lying sheet, or, if hard pressed by penury, will content himself by vainly endeavoring to make sense out of the vanishing newsboy's purposely senseless yell, as he distributes yell-oh journalism. Wherefore the Spectator appeals to his brothers of the pen to hold fast to that which is good.

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The Spectator has made up *his* mind. He has resolved to stop taking, buying, or reading the —, —, and the —; nor will he go out of his way for the — and —. And, by the way, the rain has stopped, and — yes! — the sun is coming out. The Spectator must go and take a walk and buy something for the children.

XI

HEARD ON THE TROLLEY-CAR

XI

HEARD ON THE TROLLEY-CAR

YES, sir!" The Spectator was startled; the assurance was most emphatically repeated, as though the speaker had been contradicted and felt in honor bound to sustain his position. He was a conductor on a trolley-car, and was standing on the step of the car at the Spectator's elbow. "Yes, sir. It's the finest company in the country, and the squarest." It simply staggered the Spectator. Here he was in a city rent asunder by an impending strike. Bitter feeling, only thinly veiled, was evident whether one was conversing with Capital or Labor. The daily papers had columns of

news one day, which they contradicted the next, as to the position of the two giants who were about to measure their strength. The impending strike threatened stagnation to business throughout the country. But the Spectator was listening to Labor defending Capital—Capital that had been characterized as an octopus—a street railway. "Yes, sir," accompanied by an emphatic nod, "there ain't any better men in the country than the two men who own this line. Yes, sir, that's the company, two brothers. Square, sir, square, and don't you forget it." Here he passed rapidly along the step, and the Spectator was left to grasp, if he could, the thought of a surface road in a city so managed as to call out the enthusiasm of its employees. The

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car ran smoothly over the rails, no jarring or jolting. It was approaching a new, commodious brick building, two stories high and rather impressive in its simple lines, when a voice said eagerly at the Spectator's elbow, "Just take a look at the stable when we stop. Finest stables in the country. We have a reading-room, and a dining-room where we can take our lunches or warm our dinners if we bring them in on the run. There are dishes and hot water, and a chance to heat coffee, and a good woman, good as gold, like a mother to some of us, to keep the things clean and the room looking right. Yes, sir, the company is strict about that. You never know when one of them will walk in. They attends to business and expects every one else

to attend to business. Then we have thirty-two shower-baths, and we're expected to use them. The reading-room has all the daily papers—New York and Chicago papers and one Boston paper, the best weeklies and all the magazines, and about four hundred books. Then there is a room with good couches and pillows. You can rest when your runs keep you late. There ain't no standing round at our stable doors in the rain, or the cold, or when it's hot. Do you see there ain't a liquor-store nearer than two blocks? The company bought the house on the corner when one started there, and turned the whole place into flats. You wait till you see the stable of the road I'm going to transfer you to. It's a bum place now, I tell you. A lot of men

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wandering round most of the time wiping their mouths with the back of their hands; no chairs, no newspapers, nothing. Oh, yes, we have a smoking-room with papers down at the back there. Bells ring that call the men who are to go out, so you just sit and read or smoke, or eat your lunch, knowing the signal will warn you in time.

"Oh, certainly, we're organized," he continued. "That bum road I told you about, they won't have a union man on the road. Yes, we've been organized three years on this road. Never had any trouble, sir, and don't believe we ever will, if both sides stays square. When we want a change made, a committee goes to the company and states just what we want. Neither side gets

mad, but we talk it out squarely. Sometimes we're wrong, and they shows us we're wrong. Sometimes the company shows us we must wait for what we want. The road is new. Yes, we're organized, and we got the company on our side. They knew all about it, and gave us some mighty sound ideas—mighty sound. Now, we don't have drinking men in our organization. If a man comes on and gets drunk or boozy on the road, we tells him that it's got to stop. Then the second time it happens we ask the company to discharge him. We kicked, some of us, against that; it was the company's idea, but it's the best we've got. We got the cream of the railroad men on this road. Why, a man can get a job anywhere who has worked on this road. Then we

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don't have any men on the road who do not use their wives well. The company suggested that, and that was another kick, but they knew. It's the bum fellows who don't be good to their wives. When it leaks out about a new man, we goes, the committee, after we know it's true, and we tells the company. The man is laid off, and he knows why, and he knows it ain't no use to come to the union, 'cause we're at the bottom of it, and he joined knowing what would happen. Then we got a benefit association, and the treasurer of the company is our treasurer. Just as good as Government bonds, them little fifteen cents a week, and they come in well when you're sick.

"No, sir, you can't have such an organization as ours without the

company's back of you. They have settled trouble often between the men, and when we get all in a muddle over things we talk it out with the president, and he gives us points. But he won't decide; he won't say which side is right; he only makes each side see where it is weak or strong. The company like married men, and they like the men to own their houses. I got a little house back here—paid for it before I was married. There ain't much in it. I just got the house. I've been married five months, and I'm the happiest man in ——." The car had entered the suburbs of the city, and the conductor was devoted to business. He forgot the Spectator. Women and children were helped off and on. A basket was placed on the sidewalk

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for an old man. The fares were collected with a nod and smile, and the bell rang pleasantly as the fares were registered. The car ran merrily, and stopped and started without a jolt. The motorman looked over his shoulder when passengers got on or off. At least in this one instance the pleasant relations between the lion and the lamb—and the Spectator would feel it hazardous to characterize the giants more definitely—added to the gayety of the traveling public, and the Spectator was a grateful and liberal patron of the road for several days.

The Spectator stepped on a trolley, and ran along the step to take his favorite place behind the motorman, only to discover, comfortably seated in his special corner, a woman. She

was so deeply interested in what the motorman was saying that she was not conscious of the new passenger; neither was he. "Yes'm," continued the motorman, "I runs the car careful, 'count of my mother." (Why, the man was fifty, if a day!) "She rides with me considerable, and she do hate jolting, so that I just fairly trembles when she is on. Sometimes when I comes round a corner, and the car swings and makes her go sideways, she looks so unhappy that I just feel miserable. Yes'm, when I come on the road first I did not think about anything but gettin' in me run, and not having accidents. Mother went with me that first week on my regular car. She got on at the stables. I saw her look at the car floor and up at the signs, and at me

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and at the conductor. I put her just where you are. Gee whiz! how that car went when we got out a bit! I was just showing off. I didn't know it, but"—an expression of self-disdain spread over his big face—"I was. I looked around at mother, and she was sitting holding on with both hands, and her eyes round and big. Law! how I slowed down! Mother never liked a fuss, so I said nothin', but watched her out of the corner of my eye. There wasn't any more showing off that trip. When I got home that night, I said, 'Now, mother, yer might just as well go with me every day while these fine days last.' She didn't say anything, so I knowed she had somethin' on her mind. She went about gettin' supper. After a time she said, 'How

often do yer scrub the floors of the cars?' 'They're swept, mother.' 'Well, it must be a man.'" Here the motorman chuckled, choked, and looked around with the pride of a father repeating the precocious remark of his firstborn. "The next day I asked her to go on my last afternoon trip, but she wouldn't go. It took me four weeks to find out, when she said: 'Jakie, yer runs that car so careless that I'm afraid as death. Not for me, Jakie, but fer yourself. I didn't say nothin', but I was bruised and sore for days, and I'm worried all the time.' My land! but that opened my eyes. That afternoon I began. I ran that car as if kittens were crossing the track. She didn't bump once. I bet yer yer could have carried a glass of milk and not

spilled a drop. I kept it up. Every little while I looked over my shoulder; everybody looked comfortable and happy. Then I insisted on mother's takin' a ride. You should have seen her when I helped her off. Her cheeks were pink as a girl's and her eyes shinier. 'Jakie, I wouldn't have believed I could have such a good time.' No more coaxing; she's ready to go any time"—here a shade passed over the red, round face as, with a complete change of voice, he added, "when she's well enough."

The Spectator was just stepping through the door of a trolley-car a few months before, when he was thrown violently against the door-frame. He sank into a corner seat in a state of mind that did not make for peace. The conductor, a small

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man, stepped in to take the fare, when the car gave a lurch that caused him to put his foot down on the Spectator's newly polished boot. "Why do you have such a man as that to run a car!" demanded the Spectator as though the little man were the president of the road. "I wouldn't, sir, I wouldn't. He ain't fit. He ain't a man at all, sir. Why, there ain't one of us but feel the Evil One has us in his grip when we're put on with that fellow. What do you think I have to do, sir, after a day's run with him? I buy a bottle of arnica and has to rub myself from head to foot. I'm black and blue. The passengers gets off, sir, but we have to stay on all day. It's hard on them, but think of us. No, sir! he ain't fit to run a goat-cart; but he

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never damages anything but the passengers, and they only kicks the conductors." The man went out of the door. A few moments afterward he put his head in and said politely: "It would do more good if they would kick the president."

The car had started from the terminus with about half a dozen passengers, one a man of peculiar dignity of bearing, who put a box, somewhat larger than a shoe-box, down on the seat beside him, evidently hampered by the necessity of caring for it. Three or four blocks further on a man got into the car, seating himself directly behind the man with the box. The last passenger the Spectator read at once. He was the type of man who is always in a rush, always just on the verge of a great

success, imbuing his family with such faith in his powers that every failure is to them, as to him, but the forerunner of success. Presently he leaned forward, touched the owner of the box on the shoulder, saying, "Will you let me have the stamps on that box? They're just what I want. I wouldn't be able to get them in the ordinary run of my business, and I do want them," he added, as wistfully as a small boy. The owner of the box took out his knife and cut the stamps and postmark out of the paper, handing them to the man behind him. The joy of the receiver infected the giver, and those two men beamed in each other's faces. The man who received the stamps took a card from his pocket and handed it to the man before him,

saying, "That's my card. If ever I can do anything for you, call on me. I might be able to, and it would be a pleasure." The card was received, put in a beautiful leather wallet, and the man of the box tipped his hat as he returned to his newspaper. Behind, with radiant face, sat the man with the stamps, examining them with the intensest enjoyment. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "I've gone a mile out of my way!" and rushed from the car. On the floor lay the stamps, to be discovered when the car had gone several blocks. Attainment had again slipped through this passenger's fingers. The man with the box saw the stamps. An expression of dismay passed over his face, followed by relief as he picked up the stamps,

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opened his wallet and carefully placed them beside the man's card. The Spectator felt as though a disaster had been averted.

XII

A DAY IN OXFORD

XII

A DAY IN OXFORD

IT has been the good fortune of the Spectator to come under the spell of Oxford more than once, and always with a deepened sense of those enchantments of the Middle Ages which still linger among her towers, and of which one of the most gifted of her sons has spoken in memorable phrases. There are losses involved in seeing the ancient seat of learning in the long vacation, but there are gains as well. The "young barbarians" no longer crowd the narrow streets; the great playgrounds are deserted; and the river is given over to idlers and pleasure parties. But one has the

gardens largely for his own meditations. A tourist now and then appears in some arched doorway, looks about, Baedeker in hand, and then flits quickly on to the next college on his list. It is the old Oxford, venerable with years and rich in imperishable memories, which the Spectator finds about him, and in which he easily loses himself. And one must lose himself in Oxford to feel its deeper charm and discern its more illusive beauty. The High Street may be the most impressive street in Europe as it curves between Queens' and University Colleges; but the real Oxford is not in this noble thoroughfare; it is hidden away behind ivy-clad walls; it is to be found in depths of foliage such as grows nowhere outside its gardens.

A DAY IN OXFORD

In this very richness of leaf and vine lie not only the beauty but the secret of Oxford. One feels in these fragrant places of silence the ripeness of a long history, the slow, continuous spiritual life of a great race. For Oxford, with its cloisters and gardens, has not only been a part of England, but has been, in a sense, its mirror and reflection. When Oxford has been stagnant, the higher life of England has been sluggish; when Oxford has been alert and ardent, the life of the country has been full and deep. "When there is fighting at Oxford, there is war in England," the old adage ran; and the broader movement of the nation has been predicted or reproduced decade after decade in the narrower life of the University. In

Oxford one sees about him the successive stages of English architecture, and one recalls the successive epochs in English history and the successive phases of English thought. These gardens have more than once lost their academic quietness in the tumult of revolution; and here the fiercest currents of antagonistic opinion have met in final struggle. The turf of these gardens, soft and deep with centuries of loving care, and the vines which have become as trees with the lapse of years, are the visible records and remembrances of a spiritual history which one may read in books, but which one enters into in a new way under the shadow of these towers.

One feels everywhere in England the element which long human in-

tercourse of the most intimate kind contributes to the landscape; man and nature everywhere working together to produce a gentle and varied loveliness which gives every detail of the scenery finish and order and charm. But this subtle enrichment of the soil with the work and companionship of forgotten generations is nowhere more deeply felt than in Oxford, where time has builded with a finer genius than the great founders and architects. The scholar and thinker live more intimately with their surroundings than other men; they are less active; they are always at home; they touch the things about them more constantly and closely. If it be true that something from the man passes into the walls which shelter him it is not difficult to un-

derstand why Oxford casts such a spell upon the imagination. How many rare spirits have imparted something of themselves to these venerable houses and these shaded walks! Here they have meditated and loitered through years which have left no trace more ponderable than the light on the ancient dials; here they have dreamed and worked and waited; here they have endured and lost or won. Here, if one chooses to search for them, are the springs of some of the great movements which have stirred the world; and here, on every side, are places associated with poets, scholars, and statesmen whose story is the best heritage of a country rich in many imperishable things. Out of all this depth of experience, association, and

history is diffused that atmosphere which envelops Oxford, and which is perhaps its most characteristic and precious quality. Many subjects are better taught elsewhere; there are in other places larger facilities for various kinds of work; but Oxford is preëminent among all the seats of learning for the atmosphere which stimulates the imagination and makes for ripeness of thought and taste, for that fine quality of mind which unites depth and vigor and sweetness in true proportions.

But Oxford has many other aspects of history, and one is reminded, as he walks through the quadrangles of University College, that the pathos and tragedy of life have nowhere left more indelible traces. There, on the right, are the win-

dows of the room in which Shelley spent a few brief months; and a few steps bring one to the fine memorial which recalls with such poetic insight and feeling his exquisite genius and his broken career. Under the blue dome, starred and lighted from above, lies the white marble figure, wasted, worn, naked, and yet inexpressibly beautiful; as if tossed up by the sea and caught in a place of eternal quiet and rest. There is no spot in England more full of touching and appealing memories than this little room where the author of "Adonais"—the most beautiful of modern elegies—lies in effigy under the roof of his college. As one reads the words from "Adonais" which encircle the base of the dome, one feels again how happy it is that

the ashes of Shelley are in the cemetery at Rome with the dust of Keats: two sons of song who rest together after the pain of that common life of suffering in which both shared.

A few steps and one is again in a garden; and what has the world to show more beautiful! A background of old buildings hung with ivy; towers and spires in the distance; perhaps a bit of the old city wall at the back, with a great mass of deep green foliage overhanging the broken bastion; a stretch of soft level greensward in front; long lines of flowers and rich masses of leaves concealing great trunks encircling the whole. Not an inch of ground is bare; everywhere life runs riot in leaf or color. The ivy hangs in great

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masses, the shrubs seem impenetrable, the massive trees sweep the ground with their branches. Overhead the sky is of a wonderful softness, and the clouds hang low as if they were on intimate terms with this quiet world of greenness. The rushing modern world lies so far away that it is inaudible; it ought to be easy in such places to hear the eternal voices, and to know, hour by hour, that the things of the mind are eternal, while the things of the hands are for the hour. Here, surely, knowledge, thought and imagination ought to bear that fruit which ripens only in silence, solitude, and the long leisure of days that pass and leave no sound.

XIII

A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN

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A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN

THEY are an enigmatical lot, these expatriated Chinamen —and doubtless we are so to them. But the mythical man from Mars would probably find more to wonder at in Chinatown than elsewhere in New York. And to one who drops off the cable car at Pell Street and the Bowery, and suddenly finds himself in the Orient, the stores, the signs, the occupations, the faces, —“the breeches, and all that, are so queer.” It is in the evening, and preferably late at night, that Chinatown must be seen. The Chinamen work and play late, and get up from

bed at high noon. "Early to bed and early to rise" is not a Chinese proverb. But these little yellow men are hardy, and have no nerves, and don't require the rest that we do. Their recreation is their rest, quite as much as sleep. So you find Mott and Pell Streets in full blast only when good Americans, not connected with the daily press, are sweetly dreaming. Then the opium joints, the theater, the gambling-places, and the restaurants are liveliest.

Strange that this impassive race should care for the theater; but it seems to be a passion with them where it is only a diversion with us. On the night when the Spectator visited the Chinese theater, the place was so full that there was standing room only, and the performance was

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to continue for hours, and even days—or rather nights; for the play was to run for three nights before the finale! The Spectator gazed for some minutes at the doings on the stage, trying to find what it was that interested the audience. A man dressed in flowing robes and with a miter on his head was slowly chanting in a high key, to the weird music of sharp-sounding instruments whose rhythm grew upon one with its uncanny suggestiveness of the snake-charming fakirs of India. Presently the mitered individual retired to make room for a creature with a still sharper falsetto voice, evidently—or presumably—a woman. More chanting, accompanied with swaying motions, occasionally joined in by others on the stage. And so the play went

on. Presently what we should call a "sensation" went through the audience. Heads were turned from the stage to the door. Two gaily robed figures were passing out by a private passage.

The Spectator leaned forward and asked a Chinaman with a derby hat on his head (by that sign indicating that he spoke English) what it was all about. "Those are Chinese ladies who have been visiting the theater," was the explanation. "Chinese ladies don't often go to the theater, and when they do they attract attention." "And what are the actors doing on the stage?" "Oh, that man with the high hat is a judge, and he is going to try the woman who has helped her lover to escape from prison by disguising him in her dress

while she took his place in the cell." So it was the old, old story that was being told on the Chinese stage—love, persecution, rescue, heroism—or rather heroinism in this case, for the hero was safe beyond the scenes, and would not appear in the play, until perhaps the next night. The Spectator had heard that women were never allowed upon the stage in China, but he was told that two actresses appeared in this play. This, perhaps, was a concession to American taste, but in no other respect, apparently, had Western ideas influenced the performance. No vaudeville—no living pictures—no dancing—no acrobatic divertissements: all decorous and conventional!—what a paradise must the Celestial Empire be for followers of "the legitimate"!

The Spectator went curiously astray in his search for the "joss-house." The first Chinaman he asked as to the whereabouts of the joss-house failed to understand the question, and the Spectator varied it by asking for the "Chinese church." Oh, yes, "China church" was on Doyers Street. And there the Spectator found—a Christian mission. Now the Spectator has great respect for the Christian mission, but when one is looking for genuine heathenism and climbs weary flights of stairs to find it, and then walks into an evangelical meeting, he feels somewhat as a bad boy might who, after making a stealthy foray on the cake-box, discovers in it only a loaf of Graham bread. But the way to the joss-house was learned at the mis-

sion, and soon the Spectator had walked up other flights of stairs and was in the sanctum of the heathen deities. It is hard to learn from the Chinese here just how much of religion finds place in the joss-house, but the Spectator judges that it is not much, and that if it were not for the superstitions of the gambling Chinese the joss-house would be ill supported. The functionary in charge at once proposed to tell the fortune of the friend by whom the Spectator was accompanied—and, lest misunderstanding arise, be it known that when the Spectator speaks of a friend, unless otherwise stated the friend is of the feminine gender. Of course the friend was willing (all ladies, even sociological students, are secret worshipers of the occult, and

eager to have past or future revealed), and the divinationist at once lit incense-tapers, threw huge wooden dice on the floor, and from a collection of bamboo straws proceeded to reveal pleasing facts as to good luck, a desirable match, numerous descendants, etc., etc., very much after the fashion of a Western sooth-sayer. Incense, altars, dragons, and teakwood furniture make up the paraphernalia of the joss-house; not omitting a negro factotum who, with the aid of a missing front tooth, talks Chinese to the habitués of the place, and, with an original vocabulary of English, explains the "religion" to the visitors.

In visiting an opium joint it is necessary to have an introduction—not, perhaps, as an indorsement of

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character, but more as an "evidence of good faith." A couple of Chinamen were engaged in trying to appear busy at the counter of a "fake" laundry through which one passed to the precincts of the seductive pipe. Here, in bunks built around the sides of a large room, lay the devotees of opium. One of them was just lighting up and permitted the visitors to witness the operation. He put a tiny bead of black wax into the bowl of the pipe, lit it, and drew strongly. After smoking a few minutes he gave himself up to the supposedly delicious sensations of the "pipe-dream," looking languidly comfortable and happy. The smokers here were all men and Mongolians, but in the early morning the up-town guests, high-toned victims

of the habit, come down in cabs, it is said, to enjoy their morning pipe of the strange intoxicant. "Why do they do such things?" was the irrepressible query; to which the only reasonable answer seemed to be the Carlylean one, "They're mostly fools." Or else one might give the answer of Tolstoï in "War and Peace"—that mankind is ever seeking to forget present existence in the pursuit of a dream-world of imagined happiness.

The Chinese, however, do not live on dreams alone. Nor yet only on rice, as is the prevalent opinion. The popular dish in the restaurants of Chinatown is "chop suey," a conglomeration which at first seems forbidding to the Western palate, but, courageously attacked, proves really appetizing. It is a mess of veal,

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mushrooms, parsley, and a kind of macaroni, with a peculiar pungent sauce superadded and with a side dish of rice. It is served smoking hot, and with it some little cups of delicious Oolong tea poured from a bowl of more generous dimensions, wherein the tea is steeped and remains hot. Chop-sticks are furnished to Chinese and American patrons alike, and with a little practice the chop suey can readily, though not always gracefully, be transferred from cup to lip. The curious guest may also sample the "saké"—or rice-wine,—which, so the Spectator is informed, tastes not unlike Medford rum. Strange that Puritan and pagan tastes, in one particular at least, should run in the same channel! No bread is served at these restaur-

ants, a Chinaman apparently not caring for anything but soft food. This is just the ordinary fare at a Chinese restaurant. Private parties—sometimes numbering scores or hundreds of guests, as on the occasion of the birth of a son to one of the well-to-do Chinese—may experiment with shark-fin soup, birds'-nest pudding, eggs preserved for a dozen years and thereby acquiring a bouquet as delicious to a Chinaman as that of a rare wine to a French connoisseur, etc., etc.

"Marrowy crapes of China silk" may be seen in some of the shops, and also curiously carved fans, and common ones which the Chinamen carry in a fold of their blouse, at the back of the neck. That the Chinese are not without humor could

be seen in the quiet enjoyment with which some of them watched a compatriot who came out of a shop with a curious wooden top which he proceeded to spin on the electric-lighted street, for the amusement of an elfish Chinese child, a *rara avis* here. The top was of a peculiarly lively nature, and spun across the street, emitting a weird whistle, to the delight of young and old. But the shops are lacking in the delicate work of the Japanese, and the Spectator found it impossible to discover a really ugly pagan ivory god for a mascot, and was obliged to put up with a flimsy paper divinity of presumably small intercessory puissance. The shopkeepers are, like their kind the world over, affable in their taciturn way to possible customers, and they pre-

sent not the least interesting phase of an evening's tour through this strange little section of Pekin that is to be found within five minutes' walk of New York's City Hall.

XIV

SAN FRANCISCO'S
CHINATOWN

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SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN

IT has always seemed to the Spectator that all Chinamen were turned out of the same mold. Those he met in the street, in the cars, and in the laundries all looked alike. Recently he had occasion, however, to come into much closer contact with them, as they are on our Western coast, and he discovered that their resemblance to one another was the result of the leveling tendency of distance; Chinamen, like babies, are distinguishable — when you know them.

In San Francisco there are men whose profession it is to show visitors through Chinatown by lurid gas light.

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Let it be said in justice and to their credit that they are entirely familiar with the district, acquainted with most of the Chinamen, sometimes master of a little patois, and thoroughly at home in the Chinese streets and swarming tenements. Naturally they can lead a stranger quickly and easily to the points of interest; direct to the joss house, for instance, where they keep on friendly terms with the temple guardian by informing their parties that it is proper to purchase tapers at a joss house. They have on their list a small-foot woman. She can be seen in a stuffy room at the head of a narrow flight of stairs, and her foot, what there is of it, is well worth the climb. Her elder daughter's feet, although they do not show the same degree of painful care and

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diminutiveness, still fairly represent the Celestial ideal, but the baby girl, the degenerate of her family, is kicking and stamping about—enjoying life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, at least as far as her feet are concerned. The guide reminds his patrons not to leave without remembering the baby.

The "high-toned" restaurant is visited, of course. The wealthy merchants of Chinatown use this as their club, their bank, and safety deposit vault. They have, back of the eating-room, a heavy iron chest in which they store their valuables. Its door fairly bristles with padlocks, as each of the merchants puts his own fastening upon it. No member, therefore, has access to the chest save in the presence of all the others. This

restaurant suggests the limit of high life and high living in Chinatown, and the subterranean kitchens hint at the opposite extreme. Here food can be bought ready cooked or brought to be cooked, and the business is kept up all night. When you have crept down a cellar stairway and find yourself surrounded by ovens, the only light a greasy, flaring dip, the very activity of the place looks stealthy to you, and you think of Dante's descent.

A good guide never spares his parties a sight of the "Old Sot," a battered Chinaman who sleeps his life away where you see him, in a niche in the stone wall, nor of the "Outcast," a neat, harmless-looking Oriental who has outraged some law of the Chinese social or political code

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and now can find no roof to shelter him, and must therefore live in a small tent of his own making. His only occupation is keeping this tent scrupulously clean for the inspection of strangers. The guide plaintively explains that the ostracism of this unfortunate prevents his making a living.

If the guide is inclined to give his money's worth of information, he gathers his party about him and discourses, *sotto voce*, on the two great Chinese secret societies that hold Chinatown and the San Francisco police in the hollow of their hands. If offense is taken at any of their crimes and they are pursued, they have a hundred places of concealment and avenues of escape. The interiors of their houses are arranged

with this contingency in view. The guide reassures his parties that the district is no longer what it was; it is now fairly under control of the detective bureau; the real danger now is fire. With all the little fires in front of doorways, down in cellars, and back in courtyards, a great conflagration sooner or later will wipe out Chinatown and possibly sweep over the rest of the city; but it is practically out of the question to forbid the numerous flames the Chinamen have burning everywhere to keep off the evil spirit.

The guide has two trump cards, and he plays them last—his opium den and his leper. On the ground floor of one of the tenements, known as the Palace Hotel, from its construction around a court, is the

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opium den—a room with thick, heavy atmosphere and a couple of sleeping Chinamen. One man, near the door, is awake, and, after a monetary greeting, he smokes for the visitor, and makes what the guide assures you is an opium inspiration of remarkable length. This man is always smoking when parties arrive; unlike his fellows he is never overcome, and is always ready for exhibitions. The leper lives on the same floor, and a pitiful object he is—an old man covered with a most revolting disease.

Farther south on the American coast of the Pacific, not far beyond Monterey, is a complete village of Chinese, a fishing hamlet that hugs the beach. It is an isolated settlement of Mongolians, and the English

language is neither spoken nor understood. It contains perhaps a hundred persons, living in low, weather-beaten huts that face a winding street, a street that yields to the irregular outline of the coast. Probably because these Chinese fishermen have little to offer for sale, their village attracts few visitors. There are only two stores, and these are not curio bazaars, but general utility depots for the villagers' own use, where they supply themselves with clothing, cotton blouses of the cheapest variety, black, thick-soled slippers, stiff skull caps, and a few simple articles of food. If the shops contain anything else, the white man is certainly not aware of the fact. It is a favorite coquetry of Chinese shopkeepers, however, to conceal their wares.

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The only village attraction of interest to an American buyer are the pearls from the Abalone shell-fish; imperfect, second-class pearls, of every shade, shape, and size, from the tiny, oily looking grains to the great, fantastic, distorted monsters, that are set by the jewelers in whatever design their form suggests—an elephant, a bunch of grapes, a beetle, as the case may be. The little pearly specks are found constantly by the fisherman, but the big pearls are rare, and the visitor goes along bowing to the Chinamen in their doorways and asking them in baby-talk or pigeon-English—they actually do understand it better—"if they havee pearl?" Some seem not to understand, some seem not to want to. At last you get an answer.

"Me havee pearl!" and the man offers you a handful of mimic dew-drops—the handful for fifty cents.

"No, no, bigee, largee ones," you answer, with gesticulations.

You may not find what you seek. Of course, there may be no large pearl, just then, in the village, but, more probably, the lucky fisherman who made the last find is too typical a Chinaman to exhibit his treasure at all, or, at least, until you promise to buy.

At one place is a jog in the street where the huts stand slightly back, making a miniature town-square, in the center of which some upright boards have been set. To these are fastened tapers and candles and gay tinsel ornaments, like narrow fans with handles. These fans must be

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full of significance to a Chinaman if there is any relation whatever between their meaning and their complicated structure. The Spectator has seen on one small fan, not more than four or five inches broad by six or eight tall, a little doll attached by a wire around its body, tinsel rosettes, the black-and-white-face of an isinglass watch, a gilt lace ruffle around as a border, and out of the point at the top a bunch of peacock's feathers! These fan ornaments are used in great numbers at the time of the Chinese Christmas; then all the people supply themselves for the grand procession. The women also treat themselves to special finery for that occasion, in the form of new headgear—crowns with fringe to hang over their foreheads. The

suspiciously idolatrous-looking public square and the slot gambling machine, in one of the stores, form a rather fleet pair of rivals for the small Young Men's Christian Association sign nailed on one of the huts in the midst of unreadable hieroglyphics.

XV

THE ART OF SHOP-
LIFTING

XV

THE ART OF SHOPLIFTING

THE Spectator is not learned in the law, and does not know whether he is *particeps criminis* in a little matter involving the stealing of a brierwood pipe of the value of \$2.49. He feels very uncomfortable about it, however, and is very sorry indeed that he happened to be where he saw, or thinks he saw, the theft committed. It was in a shop the other day—the kind of shop where articles that should be sold at two dollars are marked two-forty-nine, so that purchasers may be deluded into the notion that the fair selling price is two-fifty—and at the tobacco-counter were a man and

woman who appeared much puzzled as to which of two pipes to take. Finally one was chosen, and this with other purchases was to be made into a package. While the salesman was occupied in sending the things to the desk, the woman, in the most matter-of-fact way, put the discarded pipe into her pocket, which appeared to be somewhere in the mysterious back folds of her skirt. The Spectator does not show his every emotion in his face, but he verily believes that his eyes bulged out much further than usual when he saw this apparently respectable woman thus appropriate what did not belong to her. Was the woman deliberately stealing, or had she put the pipe in her pocket in a moment of abstraction, and therefore unconsciously?

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If the latter, she would find it out when she got home, and would then very likely bring the pipe back with regretful apologies. But was it the duty of the Spectator to speak to the woman or to the salesman?

The Spectator does not know to this moment what his duty was under the circumstances. Had he been mistaken, and merely thought that he had seen the woman do the thing, then to have mentioned it would have been an unforgivable interference, a meddling in business in which he was not concerned. Indeed, a mistake would have been as bad as a crime. Then, if the woman had taken it unconsciously, she would restore it and no harm would be done, while if he spoke she would be subject to a deep mortification, and also

be an object of undeserved suspicion. Then, again, if she were really stealing, it was pretty certain that the poor salesman, not the opulent merchant, would have to make good the value of the theft. These thoughts galloped through the Spectator's mind, and he held his peace, for he knew of other happenings in similar shops, happenings which might have led to serious trouble and worked permanent harm to entirely innocent persons.

No less a person than Mrs. Spectator, when once on a shopping tour in town, stopped at one of these great bazars which are called department stores, and bought a new pocketbook. When she reached home in the evening she had the purchased pocketbook wrapped in a

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neat package in her handbag, and two pocketbooks unwrapped but exactly like the one bought. How in the world did they get in the bag? The good lady did not know, but was inclined to be amused at the contretemps. But the Spectator got hot and cold as he thought of what might have happened to his wife. In most of these shops it is equivalent to a confession of stealing to have in one's possession an article belonging to the stock and not regularly wrapped up. Further than this, she had the pocketbooks and had made no pretense of buying more than one. Now, suppose some one had seen these pocketbooks put into the handbag—for they must have been put there. Pocketbooks do not fly; it is only that which pocketbooks are made to hold

which grows wings and gets away no one knows why or where. So the evidence was complete that some one put them in the bag. Who else put them in Mrs. Spectator's bag but Mrs. Spectator? Suppose, again, that the person who saw the pocket-books put in the bag had spoken and the lady had been arrested. Good gracious! She would have been mortified to death. Her possession of them would have been conclusive evidence against her, and her only chance to escape punishment would have rested on the clemency of the shop-owners. Or, maybe, in consideration of previous good character, the magistrate might have been induced to suspend sentence. But the lady would have been a marked woman for life, and evil gossip would

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have wagged its malicious tongue wherever she appeared, or whenever her name was mentioned.

So, in the pipe incident, the Spectator held his peace, as perhaps some one else may have done that hot day last summer when Mrs. Spectator got three pocketbooks in purchasing one. The next day the Spectator went to town for the express purpose of returning the pocketbooks. That was his only business in town, but the business would not wait. At the shop he explained his errand and restored the property. He was not treated with any soothing courtesy. "Some women are very careless," said the manager, with no word of thanks. "Some managers are very uncivil," is what the Spectator did not rejoin. He did not think of this till he was

half a block away on his return journey to the country.

Then the Spectator had an experience of his own just before Christmas. He stopped in a shop and bought a copy of Rostand's "L'Aiglon." While it was being wrapped and change was being made, he picked up a very prettily bound copy of selections from Epictetus. This, too, he purchased, and when it was given to him he unwrapped it and carried it in his hand, as he meant to read it while in the street-car. Before he had taken twenty steps towards the outer door he was stopped by a Hebraic-looking person wearing a hat, and by that token not an official of the shop. "Where did you get that book?" he asked, with aggressive offense in word and tone and

look. "That does not concern you," the Spectator replied, with what cold hauteur he could command on the spur of the moment. "But it does," said the Hebraic-looking individual, with a sinister leer; "I am the store detective. You come with me." And he caught hold of the Spectator's arm; the Spectator was now under arrest. It was not twenty seconds before the girl who had sold the Epictetus explained to the detective that the transaction was proper, and the Spectator was released from custody. What did he do? He declines to tell. He told several persons about it, and the gentle among his acquaintances say that he acted violently, because the detective was only doing his duty in carrying out a regulation that unwrapped things

must not be taken from the store. It was idle for the Spectator to argue that no shopkeeper had the authority to make regulations which violated and invaded the individual rights of any man or woman; it was no use for him to assert that being a detective was a hazardous occupation, and the man who accepted such a post must accept the peril, at least, of his mistakes. The gentle ladies would have no such defense. And perhaps they are in the right; but if all men in all times had thus meekly submitted, the majority of us would still be serfs and vassals, and the strong arms of hereditary masters could still hold millions of cringing minions in a debasing slavery.

Not all of the mistakes of this kind, however, are tragical. One that the

Spectator knows of had more than one ludicrous side to it. A lady of commanding appearance and a crown of gray hair which adds to her look of distinction went into a shop last spring and stopped at a counter quite near the door. She laid her parasol on the counter and attended to her business, which consisted of matching lace, and therefore took much time and careful attention. When she had finished, she took in her hand what she supposed to be her parasol and went into the street. After going half a block she was seized by a bareheaded man who, almost breathless with hurry, exclaimed: "What do you mean by stealing that feather duster?" The lady looked at what she had in her hand. It was a feather duster, a

very large, very red feather duster. "Come back, come back," the man shouted, in loud excitement. "Certainly, certainly," said the lady, sweetly; "I thought it was my parasol." And in the shop on the counter there was the parasol among the feather dusters. There were bows and smiles and half-spoken apologies, and the lady went her way not in the least offended, but mightily amused at the figure she had cut in the crowded street with that great red feather duster in her hand.

XVI

UMBRELLA TALES

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XVI

UMBRELLA TALES

WHEN a man's name gets a place in the Encyclopædia Britannica it may be said that his fame is tolerably secure. And if it stays there through many editions, including the last, then his place may be regarded as fixed. That is what has happened to Jonas Hanwell, who, a century and a half ago, introduced the umbrella into England from the Far East, where he had been a traveler and trader. Indeed, in Europe, until these enlightened days, when everybody knows everything, Hanwell used to be regarded as the inventor of the umbrella, and the French called it

a "Hanwell" in times so recent that it is so set down in the *Francais-Anglais* dictionary used by the Spectator's mother in her girlhood, though the name *parapluie* is also given.

A canny conservative used to say: "Never lend an umbrella if you ever expect to get it back again." It may be that in our grandfather's day this was so, but it is not now the case. The Spectator never hesitates to lend an umbrella to any one to whom he would lend anything, and he has never failed to get it back. He has even gone so far as to lend his umbrella to a lady with whom he had no acquaintance; this, too, he got back, together with a most charming note of thanks. The high fortunes of one of the Spectator's friends have

to do with the lending of an umbrella, or rather the offer to lend one. A heavy rain came up suddenly one day and an old gentleman who had recently been ill was in a street-car with the Spectator's friend. "Dear, dear," said the old gentleman, "I shall get drenched." "That would be too bad," said the Spectator's friend; "pray take my umbrella." "No, no, but you may put me in a cab." At the first point of available shelter the Spectator's friend and the old gentleman got out of the car, and in a little while the latter was in a cab and safely on his way home. He had asked for the name of his new friend, but that young gentleman said: "It is not worth while, sir. Some one some day will pay this back to my father."

And, besides, it is nothing anyhow."

Two months later the same old gentleman entered a crowded car that was going downtown. The Spectator's friend had a seat and insisted on the elder man taking it. Later the younger got a seat by the elder. They entered into conversation. Business cards were exchanged. The elder was a very rich banker; the younger a not very prosperous dealer in investment securities. The elder threw commissions in the way of the younger, and finding him worthy made the business connection closer, until finally he was partner and then successor. Now he is a rich man, and were he to put a coat of arms on the panel of his carriage door, an umbrella in an extended hand

should be a part of the heraldic device.

The Spectator does not pretend to say he never lost an umbrella. He has lost lots of them and expects with confident sadness to lose more, but he never lost any by lending. One that he lost he shall never forget. Years ago the Spectator lived in an old hotel, now, alas! no more, and a party of friends often spent the evening in his rooms playing whist. The Spectator had recently purchased in London an umbrella of notable slimness and also with unmistakable individuality in the handle. There never had been just such an umbrella and never will be again. Well, when the next rain came, the Spectator's much-prized umbrella was missing. He raised no little of

a row in the hotel, and it was searched for high and low, but was not found. Two years later a Justice of the New York Supreme Court called on the Spectator and placed an umbrella on the Spectator's desk just in front of him. The Spectator was embarrassed when he recognized it, for the Judge had been one of the whist party, and had not called to make restitution, but to discuss another matter entirely. The Spectator did not mention the umbrella, and the Judge carried it off jauntily enough, swinging it with a dandified gesture which seemed to indicate that he knew a good thing when he had it.

Two years more passed and the Spectator was living in London. Again he had a visit from the Judge; and the Judge had the same um-

rella. This time the Spectator was not too much surprised to speak, so he asked: "Where did you get that umbrella, Judge?" "Plagued if I know," the Judge answered; "I have had it for years and have had it recovered twice, but I never did know how I got it. I suppose some one left it at my house." Then the Spectator told his story, and the Judge, assuming his most benchlike manner, gave judgment: "Recovery is barred by statute of limitations, and besides the property has already been recovered at least twice; so the Court rules that the defendant purchase for the plaintiff the umbrella which in all London best suits the plaintiff's fancy." And the judgment of the Court was carried out that afternoon.

It is singular what freak-like um-

brellas are come across now and then. In the Latin countries, where it is not considered ungallant for one gentleman to poke another between the ribs, or even in the back, with a stiletto, it is not uncommon for the handle and stick of an umbrella to contain a thin, sharp sword which is released by a spring. Indeed, the Spectator has seen an umbrella which was also a rifle of quite formidable carrying power. With such a weapon even a tenderfoot might get the drop on the worst of frontier ruffians. But the ordinary every-day umbrella, in skilful and determined hands, can be used effectively both in offense and defense. The Spectator has seen diagrams of instruction showing what a lady should do with her umbrella in case of attack by a man. These

diagrams, however, were particularly idiotic, as they presupposed that the brutal man would do exactly what the attacked lady required that he should do so that she could get in her fine work. They were like that broadsword exercise the boys used to play with laths—an exercise not unknown now on the melodramatic stage—three times up, three times down, then biff, biff, bang, and the villain falls dead. As a matter of fact, however, even a weak woman could poke a strong man's eye out with an umbrella, and put him *hors de combat* before he could say "Jack Robinson."

The most curious umbrella, however, the Spectator ever heard of was that which had a pane of glass in one of the folds, so that in a driv-

ing rain-storm the carrier of the umbrella could hold it down in front of him and still see ahead. He first saw an account of this umbrella in an English paper as the latest American invention, and the Spectator believed that another Englishman had been gulled by a Yankee yarn. But later he knew that such an umbrella had really been patented and put on the market by the same man who designed a washstand which was by turns to be itself a baby's cradle, a dining-table, a rocking-chair, and a coffin. No limitations could hamper the inventive faculties of this genius. But the English have fooled themselves as to American umbrellas. In one of the numerous slang dictionaries the editor thus defines "jag": "An Americanism for um-

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brella;" then he quotes from a St. Louis paper: "Last Sunday morning the Rev. Mr. Brown was seen walking down the street in the rain, carrying a large, fine jag."

XVII
THE WOMAN'S PAGE

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THE WOMAN'S PAGE

DON'T talk to me about the Advancement of Woman," said one of the Spectator's feminine friends to him the other day, "as long as any newspaper has a Woman's Page! Did you ever read the Woman's Page? Of course not; I never do myself, for that matter. But one can't help noticing the glaring drivel of it, even compared to the rest of the paper. And there must be plenty of women who do read it, for it has answers to correspondents, and all that sort of thing. I used to feel that as long as man had fourteen pockets, and woman hadn't one, the sexes would

remain unequal, but after all, that's a surface affair. I feel now that as long as man has the rest of the newspaper, and woman the Woman's Page, the case is more hopeless still!"

The Spectator was interested in this expert feminine opinion; and as it was a subject to which his serious attention had never before been directed, he determined to read the Woman's Page for himself. His observations have been cursory, and have extended only, so far, over a period of two weeks; but his curiosity is, so to speak, satiated. He does not want to stock his memory with any more recipes for removing sunburn and freckles, nor any more menus for a household of six people at fifty cents a day, nor any more

new occupations for women, nor any "Fashion Dots and Doings," nor additional "Notes of Woman's Progress," nor even any bit of "Sunshine Poetry," nor advice to young mothers. The test of a good love-letter is said to be that it should contain nothing of any interest whatever except to the one who inspires it. The Woman's Page or column seems to be run upon this principle, and to exclude an outside reader by containing nothing that can possibly interest him for a moment. But do its fashions, sensations, fancy-work, and feminine fads really interest the intelligent woman? and is the Spectator's friend, with her frank aversion to it, a freak or an average reader? The Spectator would like to know, for it raises a psychological

question as to the variation of the masculine and feminine reader that is most interesting.

Is the average woman, for instance, actually interested in reading and making her own such classes of facts as the following headings (taken at random from our large city dailies, not all yellow journals either) show forth: "Girl Collector of Human Skulls," "Pocket Monkeys Now in Favor as Pets," "Woman and Phrenology—Marriages Made by Bumps," "The Only Woman Skipper," "A New Face Given to Countess C——," "Twenty Pretty Kansas Girls Form a Brass Band," "Woman as an Auctioneer," "Men who Fall in Love with Women's Portraits," "Fifty Years a Factory Girl," and so on? One paragraph headed "Sit Still and

Rest Your Face" advises the removal of wrinkles by this form of rest-cure. The Spectator remembers hearing of a girl once who was "so homely that she had to sit up nights to rest her face," but he never heard that the process was beautifying before. "Ladies' Maids Live Longest" is another heading, and the statistics marshaled under it are made to prove that even the clergy, hitherto supposed to be the longest-lived of mortals, must yield to the abigails, since "between twenty-five and sixty-five years of age, only eight out of a thousand ladies' maids die." If the statistics were not so positive, the same comment might be made upon this supposed longevity that gives point to the well-known and cynical conundrum, "Why do mar-

ried people live longer than single ones?" "They don't; it only *seems* longer." For surely, to be a lady's maid cannot be an easy or pleasant existence.

The pictures upon the Woman's Page usually match the text. The Spectator has a blurred remembrance of many score of bewildering fashion effects, and of innumerable portraits of women who have done unusual things. The photograph of a woman who has made a success as an undertaker in a western town remains in the memory particularly, because, being evidently clad in a ball gown, the mixed suggestion of gayety and grief was striking. The Princess Waldemar of somewhere-or-other, in fireman's costume, helmet and all, and with her royal

hands in her pockets, also stands out in the Spectator's mind with vivid force. "The Biggest Fish Ever Caught by a Woman" almost filled one Woman's Page, and the portraits of "Twenty American Heiresses About to Storm Europe" left barely room for the text describing their meditated descent upon the Old World, which might well tremble before their determined charms, as reproduced in half-tone smudginess. The half-tones upon the Woman's Page seem smudgier, indeed, than in any other part of the paper—but this may be only the fancy of one unused to such striking feminine subjects.

The Spectator had the curiosity to ask a journalistic friend as to the editors of the various Woman's Pages,

and heard some interesting facts about their work. Not many women hold such positions long; they are exacting in their demands, and require an unusual combination of powers—which seems probable. One young woman, however, fresh from a convent west of the Mississippi, came to New York at eighteen and edited the Woman's Page of a very large and very yellow newspaper for several years, making a great success of it. Another, born on a western ranch, brought up like Bret Harte's breezy heroines, and fond of riding bareback over the plains, took up this form of journalism and introduced a peculiarly domestic and philanthropic department into the Woman's Page of a great eastern daily that still remains a permanent

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feature, though she herself has left the staff.

One point seems to show that the Woman's Page is read, and read largely. Advertisements upon it command high prices. This pecuniary profit smooths over the rubs that sometimes occur between the feminine department and the rest of the paper. For instance, not long ago, a lot of highly expensive and specially prepared cloth was ordered for use in some illustrating process by a big city newspaper. The Spectator leaves it to those who understand such matters to say exactly why it was required, for he doesn't know. But the fact remains that it was ordered, and that it never turned up. The delay was great and vexatious. The manufacturers insisted that the

cloth had been sent on time, however, and the whole staff was finally roused up to help in the search. At this juncture the editor of the Woman's Page remembered that a package of cloth had been brought to her, but that she thought it was for a little society that had recently organized among the readers of her page—a society that distributed anything and everything to anybody and everybody who needed it. She had therefore joyfully cut the cloth into neat square pieces, and sent it off to various "shut-ins" from Oregon to Florida, to make tidies, pincushions, etc., of it, as their fancy willed. She further explained, sweetly, that it had pleased the society very much, and that grateful letters were beginning to be received from the near-

est points. The feelings of the art editor may be imagined—but, after all, as the business manager remarked, "it was a good piece of advertising, though it came high!"

The Spectator has always frowned upon the dime novel for the small boy. He cannot exactly see how the Woman's Page can be profitable reading for the American woman, young or old. There are exceptions, of course; but when his fair friend called it "glaring drivel," she used only the plain English of the situation. The women of America are thought to be the most clever, the most charming, and the most superior of their sex the world over; but while the Woman's Page remains what it is, they can hardly expect the world to believe the claim. The

opponent of feminine progress might well paraphrase Béranger's famous saying and exclaim, "Let me write the Woman's Page for a nation, and I care not who endows its women's colleges!"

